

THE ASHBURIAN



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

VOL. XXIII

**TRINITY
1940**

No. 2

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To the Right Reverend Robert Jeffersan,
Doctor of Divinity, Lord Bishop of Ottawa,
this issue of the Ashburian is respectfully
dedicated.



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Right Reverend Robert Jefferson
Bishop of Ottawa

Bishop's Court
Ottawa

On the invitation of the Editor-in-Chief I am sending forth a Foreword to the Summer issue of the Ashburian.

This gives me much pleasure, as I know for what Ashbury stands - a full education and a right start on life's highway. World conditions reveal the necessity for Truth, Honour and Uprightness. Until Character based on these qualities is common to humanity we need not expect any real advance in Society. I rejoice in the knowledge that Ashburians are being trained on right lines and this will enable them to take their place as Leaders in the upbuilding of a brighter and better world.

Robert Ottawa



THE HEADMASTER

EDITORIAL

IF Shakespeare had occasion over three hundred years ago to look from the world around him to the world above him, to that "most excellent canopy," and report that he found it good, how much better surely we must find it, too, when we lift our tired eyes from the sorry spectacle before us and raise them to the glorious canopy that is ours for the beholding any time that we wish.

"Fret with golden fire." In a world gone mad, in a world order that is threatened as never before with utter destruction, at a time when the gods must be laughing at our proud boast, Civilization, it is comforting to know that something is fret with golden fire, that not all of this universe is tarred with pitch. But it is cold comfort, surely, to realize that it is only the heavens, that part of God's creation that we have not tried to improve upon, which still stands in all its ancient glory, a light to man in the darkness, the traveller's guide to the haven under the hill.

Star gazing, we were told at school, symbolized idleness and a sharp rap over the knuckles would recall us to the task in hand. We had to learn first to be useful citizens. But it is only natural, whether at school or in the world at large, that in times of stress our thoughts should rise above the inexplicable events that happen about us. A tragic picture is not enhanced because it is viewed in mourning garb. There are bright patches in the sky, and there will be other glorious evenings if the sun does set behind clouds tonight.

Let us, therefore, be of good cheer. Let us remember things that were, and let us realize that what has once been will be again. The smell of the grass is always sweetest after the storm, and the singing of the birds and the reappearance of the animals in the hedge is a sure reminder of an ancient promise by a benevolent Protector, the fulfilment of which Chaos and all his devils are powerless to prevent.

By G. D. Hughson, Editor

ASHBURY joins heartily in the joyous reception of Canada's new Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone and his charming wife, Princess Alice. As he had once before been prevented from coming to Canada in his present capacity by the opening of hostilities in 1914, Canada eagerly awaited his arrival from that moment when his appointment to the post was announced. We are especially honored because His Excellency is a brother of the Dowager Queen Mary, and we fully appreciate that honour. We know that the many state duties which he and Princess Alice will be called upon to perform will be undertaken with understanding and dignity, and that Their Excellencies will find in the Senior Dominion an affection for themselves equal to the love borne for his late Excellency and Lady Tweedsmuir.



CHAPEL NOTES

IN the last issue of the Ashburian we reported the resignation of Archbishop Roper from the see of Ottawa. We remarked on the Archbishop's keen interest in Ashbury and all the activities of the School over a number of years, and we recall, too, the strong Foreword he had written for the Magazine in 1935. It was, therefore, with a feeling of personal loss that we read of the Archbishop's death. His visits to our Chapel and his kind, fatherly addresses to the School will long be remembered. The Headmaster represented the School at the funeral on January 29th, and a wreath was sent in the name of Ashbury.

On Sunday, January 28th, the School held its own Memorial Service for the late Archbishop, and in the course of his address the Headmaster drew attention to the great qualities of heart and mind that so endeared Dr. Roper to all who had the privilege of knowing him.

The Headmaster has continued to conduct the services in the School Chapel, and Dr. Woollcombe has celebrated Holy Communion on Sunday mornings as in the past. The School has paid several visits to the parish church, and on one occasion had the privilege of hearing one of our Governors, Hon. Mr. Justice Davis, deliver an address on the Western Mission.

On May 3rd, the new Bishop of Ottawa, the Rt. Rev. Robert Jefferson, paid his first episcopal visit to the School when he presided at the rite of Confirmation. H. Green, W. Hamilton and K. Abbott-Smith were presented to his Lordship by Dr. Woollcombe and received the Laying On of Hands.

On the Friday following Confirmation, Dr. Woollcombe held a special Preparation Service in the Chapel, and that Sunday those boys newly confirmed received their first Sacrament.

On Sunday, April 28th, Mr. Brain spoke at matins.

Miss Hammond has been succeeded by Miss Wittaker as Assistant Organist. Mr. Huggins has, of course, continued playing for our week-day services, and the Headmaster and Mr. Huggins between them have selected several new hymns and added them to the list of those we sing at morning Prayers.

A handsome memorial tablet has been placed in the Chapel to the memory of the late H. F. Wright, who was for so many years connected with Ashbury. The plaque, which is on the south-west wall, behind the stalls, is a gift of the Old Boys' Association. Of bronze, featuring a modern design, it was erected in the name of the Old Boys' Association. Mr. Wright, it will be recalled, was an Assistant Master under Dr. Woollcombe from 1919 until 1933. In that year he was appointed Headmaster, resigning three years later.

SCHOOL NOTES

WE must begin the School Notes with a correction. In our last issue we remarked that Mr. Johnson's son, David, was christened by Canon Hepburn. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Woollcombe.

Capt. Johnson has left the Staff "after ten years of loyal service", as the Headmaster so truly said in his speech on Closing Day, to fight for his country. The tokens of esteem which he received from the Boys and the Headmaster and Staff, are but a small way of telling him that he will be greatly missed, and that we wish him God speed.

To Lieut. A. E. Wood, we also offer our congratulations. He left the Staff only a few days ago to join our parent regiment, the Governor-General's Foot Guards. His younger brother, "Mike", is overseas, as we have noted in the Old Boys News.

Mr. D. M. Elder has also left the Staff. He expects to join the Air Force shortly.

To former members of the Staff of Ashbury—we have in mind particularly Mr. Edwards, evacuated with a large part of Westminster School to Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and Mr. Waterfield, with the British Institute, Palermo, Sicily,—we send the School's best wishes.

Mr. Archdale, cooperating with the Headmaster's Association, has offered to put up any boys from the private schools of England that might be sent to Ottawa, and for whom we have room. Our home can hardly be their home, but should any group of boys come, we shall do our best to make them feel welcome. The Headmaster, too, would be glad to hear of anybody willing to accommodate one or more boys, should the evacuation from England prove necessary.

On the Headmaster's initiative, a Parliament was set up in the School during the Easter term, and has met several times since. While ably carried on by the Prime Minister, Ray Boutin, the members and opponents of the successful Union Government have shown surprising gifts of oratory, and even the Junior members have applauded loudly on all occasions. The Headmaster and Mr. Porritt have both served as Speaker, and it is to be hoped that under their guidance, the idea will be continued next term.

We offer our thanks and sympathy to Harry Green who has recently had his appendix removed, and who has entertained the School with the finer details for several weeks.

Leonowens has also been laid up with a broken ankle since his accident on the day of the Cross Country Race, while following the runners.

We congratulate Freddie Bronson on the extreme familiarity with the Law which he has shown on several occasions. His "sidekick", Digby Viets, has been luckier—so far.

The above two gentlemen, together with Brown and Mordy, have also made a futile attempt to buy a second-hand car for joint use. Unfortunately, the cost of the insurance exceeding the price of the car, they were forced to relinquish their prize. It is believed to be one of Jack Benny's earlier runabouts.

We congratulate Lawson on coming second in the 50 yard Free Style (Junior race) in the competition held recently at the Paramount Swimming Club

The School tennis courts are being plowed up as we write. The ground is to serve a more important purpose. For the duration it will be a vegetable garden. Our boys played at the Rockcliffe Club this term.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the Headmaster represented the private schools in Canada in a discussion on "Modern Education". This was the first of the National Forum Series presented by the Canadian Broadcasting Company. R. S. Lambert, formerly editor of *The Listener*, was chairman, and C. E. Phillips, editor of *School*, spoke for the High Schools.

Mr. Archdale, in the above address, dealt with the function of the private school. He remarked, and here we quote him, "Private or independent schools, can by reason of that very independence, usefully contribute to educational theory and practice." He answered the charges frequently levelled against private schools and touched briefly upon the prefect system and organized games.



THE LIBRARY

OLD BOY NOTES

BIRTHS

WE congratulate Bill Eakin on the birth of a son to his wife. Congratulations are also due to the following Old Boys: Squadron-Leader F. M. Gobeil, whose wife bore him a daughter at Tadcaster, Yorkshire, on January 24th:

John Guthrie, the proud father of a son, born on March 4th:

Ian Dewar, whose daughter was born in Ottawa on May 7th:

de Lotbinière Panet, whose son was born in Montreal on May 29th.

MARRIAGES

There have been several weddings since the last issue of the Magazine went to press; all of more than usual interest, and marriages in the Service have been placed here rather than "With the Services" in order to separate the purely personal from On Service Duty.

On Thursday, February 8th, Norman Gillies was married to Margaret McLaughlin.

On February 2th, in Port Arthur, Helen Crozier became the bride of Edward Fauquier. Bill Hadley was best man.

On March 5th, the Cathedral in Ottawa was the scene of a spectacular military wedding, when Captain John Rowley married Audrey Fellowes. Lieutenant Roger Rowley was best man for his brother, and Ian Dewar, Lieutenant Ritchie and Lieutenant Norman Gillies were among the ushers. A Guard of Honour was formed from the groom's own regiment, the Cameron Highlanders. After their return from their honeymoon, the John Rowleys took up temporary residence in the Roxborough Apartments, Ottawa.

On Saturday, March 30th, Pilot Officer Arthur Yuile, R.C.A.F., married Margaret McBride, of Montreal. Hugh Cowans was best man. It may be remarked here that Yuile has been highly praised for his work with the Air Force. From reliable sources we have it that Arthur is one of Canada's most promising pilots. Congratulations!

Another interesting Service wedding took place in Southampton, England, when Lieutenant Samuel Gamble married Margaret Foster Wilson, formerly of Ottawa. Sammy is with the Royal Canadian Engineers.

Hammy de Bury was married in May.

The Stanfield family have also figured in the legion of Old Boys who have married recently. Pete married a Halifax girl, Kay Stairs, while Bob married Joyce Kragee of Vancouver. The Peter Stanfields are now living in Sydney, where Pete is working for Dominion Steel and Coal Co. Bob is with the Acadia Trust, and he and his wife are now living in Truro.

Francis Lyman was married on Saturday, June 29th to Helen Everett. The marriage was solemnized in St. Stephen, where the bride lives.

On April 10th, at the Archbishop's Palace, Montreal, Peter Norman Dawes married Francoise Marguerite-Marie, only daughter of the High Commissioner for Canada in the Union of South Africa. His Excellency the Archbishop performed the ceremony, and the wedding was attended by the Belgian Minister, Baron Silvercruys. The Peter Dawses are now living in Montreal.

Jack Dewar was married on Monday, June 17th. To him, too, go our congratulations.

Gordon Hamilton Southam was married in London, England, on April 15th. His bride is the former Jacqueline Lambert-David, of Paris. Southam is with the Royal Artillery.

Terry Cooke was married to Eleanor Brabazon in Ottawa on June 1st.

DEATHS

We regret to report the death of Allan Gilmour Gill, in his 57th year. Gill left Ashbury in 1892. To his family the Ashburian offers its sincere sympathy on behalf of the School.

We also regret to announce the death of J. C. Edwards, who was a lieutenant in the Cameron Highlanders. It will be remembered that he died in tragic circumstances, as the result of a motor accident in Hull.

We offer our sincere sympathy to a former Head Prefect, David Fauquier, on the death of his wife. Like so many Old Boys, Fauquier is a lieutenant in the army.

CHRISTENINGS

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Victor Vickers was christened in the Church of St. James the Apostle in Montreal recently. The child was given the names Susan Artina.

Below we reproduce an extract from the *Ottawa Journal* that makes interesting reading:

ASHBURY STUDENT BACK FROM CHINA

Strange as it seems, this world boasts at least one air service which cancels out all its trips in fine weather, running exclusively during stormy, squally periods and moonless nights. This unusual service is operated in China, by a company running planes between Chunking and Hong Kong, the Citizen learned this morning from A. L. Patterson, of Hong Kong, who is visiting in Ottawa.

A former Ottawa lad, Mr. Patterson attended Ashbury College in his youth, living with his grandfather, the late Captain Joseph H. Patterson. He has spent seven years in China, assisting in the development of that country's Air Corps, returning to the United States a year ago.

It will be remembered that he was aboard the U.S.S. Panay when it was bombed in Chinese waters by Japanese planes in December, 1937.

The unusual service operated by China Air Services is necessitated by the fact that the planes have to cross Japanese occupied territory during their flight and it would be a question of suicide to operate in clear weather when they would be open to attack.

Bob McCarthy is now with the Association of the Canadian Aircraft. Doug. Weary is with Shawinigan Power and Bob Borden is back selling cars.

George Challies has been appointed honorary secretary of the Canadian Club in Montreal.

Louis T. White, one of Dr. Woolcombe's "Charter Members" was recently elected President of a local branch of the Boy Scouts Association. It is interesting to notice that he succeeds another Old Boy, H. R. T. Gill, who had been President of the local branch for the past eight years. That the local enrollment now numbers 3,044 active members, reflects most creditably on the organizing ability of these two ex-Ashburians.

Dr. Courtney Evans is now an interne at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.

Lincoln Magor, who was in the Junior School some years ago, graduated from Bishop's University this June. Besides obtaining first class honours in his final examinations in his History course, he won the G. Howard Ferguson cup, which is awarded annually to the student who has contributed most in all spheres of activity to the University.

The new Old Boy tie is now available, and may be obtained from the Association of the School. In the School colours it is of dark green silk, with narrow red and white stripes at three inch intervals. Its price to Old Boys is \$1.35.

Edmund Macdonald is working for his father in the historic coal firm of Samuel Cunard and Co.

On March 28th, the annual dinner of the Old Boys' Association was held in the Faculty Club, Montreal.

Mr. Justice Gregor Barclay, one of the present Governors, drew attention to the important part the private schools of Canada played in the welfare of the nation. He stressed the need of teaching boys the desire to serve their community and society generally. He deplored "the too prevalent attitude that education is merely a road to personal gain in terms of the biggest possible salary."

At the above meeting of the Association the following members were elected to serve on the Old Boys' Committee: president, W. R. Eakin; D. C. Southam, vice-president and treasurer; F. Barclay, secretary; and N. M. Galt, D. Mathias, H. de Bury and Ian Barclay members of the executive committee.

WITH THE SERVICES

Lieutenant T. R. Wood is now in England with the First Division of the C.A.S.F.

"Mike" is reported to be an excellent soldier, and his smartness on parade with the Corps will be remembered.

Fowler Gobeil has the distinction of being Squadron Leader in the All Canadian Squadron with the R.A.F.

Yuile and Little are now at Borden, training with the R.C.A.F.

Wayne King was an officer in the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, but recently joined the reinforcing unit of the Hastings and Prince Edward regiment.

L. P. Sherwood has succeeded Colonel Topp as O.C., M.D. 3, Ottawa District.

Bob Southam, Roberts Allan and Barry O'Brien are with the R.C.N.V.R.

Others in the Forces of His Majesty—the list must of necessity be tentative—include H. A. Fauquier, W. R. Eakin, H. Joseph, J. G. Carrique and T. W. Beauclerk all with the Victoria Rifles of Canada.

With the Black Watch are Allan Stevenson, Hugh Cowans, Jimmy Cowans, Douglas Cowans, Jimmy Brodie, Randol Gault, John Sharp, George Hyman and the sender of this information, Andy Cowans.

Eric Earnshaw had a marvellous escape when his ship, H.M.S. Renown, was struck with a torpedo off Narvik. The torpedo went right through the ship, and, incidentally, right through Earnshaw's cupboard and he lost every piece of his new uniform. He was, at the time, in charge of a picket, and we must mention here that he was recently promoted to Senior Midshipman.

Captain Reid was recently promoted Commodore in the Royal Canadian Navy. In the last war Commodore Reid saw service with the Royal Navy. We quote the following from the *Citizen*:

Commodore Reid was born at Portage du Fort, Que., in 1897, and was educated at Ashbury College, Ottawa. He joined the Royal Naval College of Canada as a naval cadet in 1914 and for 3¾ years served with ships of the Royal Navy during the first Great War.

Bob Hyndman is with the Air Force.

From the Hamilton *Spectator* of April 9th:

MAJOR R. R. LABATT TO COMMAND REGIMENT

Hamilton, Ont., April 9.—(CP)—Major R. R. Labatt has been promoted to Lieut. Colonel and placed in command of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, according to word received from Ottawa today. He is 37 and believed to be the youngest commander of a battalion of the Canadian Active Service Force.

Lieut. Colonel Labatt attended Ashbury College at Ottawa and Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

He represented his Hamilton regiment at the Coronation in London in 1937, and commanded the first Canadian detachment ever to stand guard at Buckingham Palace.

(Major Labatt, at 37 has since been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. We bask in the reflection, and congratulate Bob on being one of the youngest Lieutenant-Colonels in the forces.)

Fergus Grant is with the Air Force, and Pedar Hertzberg, son of the Adjutant-General of Canada, is with the army.

Jack Boutlier, of Halifax, was a recent visitor to the School in connection with Canada's Air Training scheme. Unfortunately, because he is colour blind, the R. C. A. F. will not accept him as a pilot, but we are sure his services will prove of great value in some department.

Art Balders has joined the army and is with the Engineers.

Bob Bowman has perhaps become the most well-known of the Old Boys since the arrival of the Canadians in England. He is now the official broadcaster for the C.A.S.F. and has given accounts of camp and other activities over the C.B.C. network. It will be remembered that he had the high honour of being the only Canadian announcer to broadcast from New York during the visit of the King and Queen last summer. We congratulate him on his position and on the close contact with their troops that he enables Canadians to keep.

Malcolm Grant and Douglas Wurtele both received their R.C.A.F. wings recently at Camp Borden.

One former Head Prefect, like his father, the late head of the R.C.M.P., has always done well. Michael MacBrien held a high place in Ashbury and played a leading part in the Cadet Corps. He was B.S.M. at the Royal Military College and, but a short while ago, graduated at the head of a large class of thirty-four, to win his wings and the rank of Flying Officer.

Jimmy MacBrien, champing at the bit, flew by Clipper to England and after serving in the ranks, and taking a course at Sandhurst, received his commission with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and is now serving in Northern Ireland.

To complete the record of service, typical, if we may say so, of all the sons of the late Major-General Sir James H. MacBrien, Billy is a prominent instructor at Camp Borden. Recently there was an article in *Saturday Night* on Flight-Lieutenant MacBrien, extolling his work, which is probably best summed up in his nickname "Iron Bill": a fine family tradition is proudly maintained.

Peter Smellie is, we understand, soon to go overseas on his Majesty's Service.

At the time of going to press we have received the names of other Old Boys in the Senior Service. The future destination of any of them must, obviously, remain hush-hush, but we have official permission to print any temporary station that may appear after any one's name and rank:

Sub-Lieut. D. Kemp Edwards is with the R.C.N.V.R. and shortly going to Halifax.

Sub-Lieut. George H. Nation, R.C.N.V.R., is already On Service in Vancouver.

Lieutenant F. H. Sherwood is in Halifax, and Lieutenant-Commander Jack Hose is here with Naval Headquarters.

Lieutenant "Bob" Powell is with the R.C.N.V.R., while Midshipman R. L. Lane, whose anxiety to join the navy was always most noticeable in his days at Ashbury, is now with the R.C.N. on active service in British waters

283 Acacia Ave.,

Rockcliffe Park,

Monday, June 3, 1940.

Dear Mr. Porritt,

In reply to your request for Old Boy News, I find that there are about sixteen in all at McGill during the past year. As has been the case for a good many years now, the majority of them are members of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Jim Calder, who in other years, has participated in track and hockey, concentrated wholly on post-graduate work in Geology and the R.C.A.F. section of C.O.T.C. this year. Last week, he enlisted with the R.C.A.F. and is now waiting to be called up.

Des. Black, Russell Cowans and "Chippy" Reynolds have just completed their third year in Commerce. Des., like Calder, spent some of his spare time at R.C.A.F. lectures of the C.O.T.C. Russell expects to enlist after a summer of golf and swimming.

Hadley spent the year studying second year Law, as well as instructing C.O.T.C. cadets in artillery.

Jim Kirkpatrick, after spending the past two years at the University of British Columbia, returned to McGill to take a pre-medicine course after the war had interrupted his studying at London University.

The other Kapps, Barclay, Crerar, Grant and McCallum, were freshmen who took quite an active part in campus activities. Barclay played intermediate rugby and paraded with the artillery wing of the C.O.T.C. Grant ran for the junior track team, as well as taking a ground course in the R.C.A.F. wing of the C.O.T.C. and McCallum played on the first English Rugger team.

Being a Kapp myself, I do not see quite as much of the other Old Boys. However, I have seen Bill Baskerville, first year law, Bill Hurd, second year engineering, Dan Macorquodale, second year engineering, Don Paterson, first year law, Ken Stevenson, fourth year arts, and Geoffrey Wright, third year science, around the campus. Both Macorquodale and Wright are very active in the C.O.T.C.

I hope this will be of some interest to you.

Yours sincerely,

Frank Burrows.

Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sir,

To all whom these presents may concern greetings from the Limestone City.

Queen's has always had its share of Old Ashburians, and this year is no exception. Johnnie Wallace, Bill Robinson and the Perley-Robertsons are all taking an Arts course. Johnnie Wallace turned out for junior football and was an active supporter of all social events: keeping up his old rep! The golf course was patronized by the Perley-Robertsons and Tom Galt, who is now honouring in Arts. Avery Dunning is finishing this year, but nevertheless found time to help his year's hockey team in the intra-mural competition.

In the Medical faculty the School is represented by Howie "Cream" Barends. Howie played intermediate football in the Fall, but last winter saw him with a more leisurely occupation, guiding his year's hockey team from the bench. Leisure was always a strong point with Barends, as the Editor-in-Chief will remember if he recollects his English classes of that year! (Here four lines have been deleted by the censor).

And now, last but not least, the Science faculty. Here, Ted Brown has reached his final year. We may be sure he did well, and I have it from the E.-in-C. that he may be in for big things. He might, I understand, go as far afield to work as Java. The swimming is good there, too, Ted!

And now I close. The "Duck" is also in the one really distinguished faculty, and has just completed his freshman year.

So long, everybody at Ashbury.

Sincerely,

D. Maclaren.

Trinity College,
University of Toronto,
Toronto.

Dear Mr. Porritt,

I am only too pleased to accede to your request to write about what I know of the doings of the Old Boys at Varsity. Many of their "doings" I know nothing about, which perhaps is as well.

Peter Viets, our former head prefect, is probably our most distinguished representative. When not drilling columns in the C.O.T.C. (he has not yet had to pick up any dropped rifles) he is studying law, and it would take an expert to say which was the greater love. The military experience which he picked up in the School Corps has

stood him in good stead and reflects great credit on Mr. Johnson's instruction. Together with all Old Boys, Trinity was sorry to hear that he has left Ashbury, but we are sure that back in khaki he will be thoroughly happy.

Don Snell—"Stoogy" to you—is so enveloped in the Sciences that he wastes little time about the campus. He too is with the C.O.T.C.

J. C. Phillips, still "J.C.", continues to find time for the odd card game, and when he is not studying hard he dabbles in soccer and hockey. Incidentally, in the latter sport, Senior and Intermediate, he is quite a star.

John Clark graduated this May. He distinguished himself, and that is an understatement, in the Debating Society.

Those are our gains. But we have too a loss. Bill Ellis, one of the School's most distinguishing and promising Old Boys has left the campus. I understand from the Editor-in-Chief that his work with the Foot Guards is extolled elsewhere, that he had the distinction of representing his regiment at this year's Inspection. And I understand, too, that the Magazine congratulates him upon his engagement. If their cheers are louder than ours, the remaining Trinity boys are a bunch of stuffed monkeys.

That, I think, concludes the Trinity notes. I have done some hard things in my time, including editing the Magazine, but nothing harder than writing this blinking letter. For the benefit of the two, possibly three, friends I have, I might say in closing that like Pete Viets I am also going to make a shrewd lawyer. You hope!

Meanwhile best of luck to Ashbury, and to any Old Boy or Master on Active Service. God speed and good luck.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. Hyndman.

To all Old Boys:

The Magazine is still experiencing some difficulty in obtaining Old Boy news. As Canada is now at war, the Ashburian is naturally anxious to keep as accurate and complete a record of those Old Boys with the services as possible. A few Old Boys have been most helpful in sending in information for publication. If others, particularly those stationed in parts of Canada other than the Ottawa district, would forward us newspaper clippings that concern themselves or other Old Ashburians, our record would be both more complete and more accurate. Many rumours of Old Boy activities reach us, which, upon being checked, prove false. Some are printed in all honesty, but in error. The only way that this can be avoided is for the Old Boys to send in the actual correct facts themselves. By doing this you will improve standard of the Magazine, and help greatly.

The Editors.



HIS LATE EXCELLENCY LORD TWEEDSMUIR,
AT ASHBURY.

THE LATE LORD TWEEDSMUIR

By The Editor-in-Chief

ON the opposite page we reproduce a picture of his late Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada. "Our right trusty and well-beloved John, Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield": such is his Style, and surely no Governor-General of our Dominion was ever more trusted or better beloved.

Hamlet said of his father, in a simple but moving apostrophe,

*"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."*

What was true of the King in the play rings with equal sincerity when applied to the King's—the real King's—representative in Canada. Indeed, we *may* not see his like again.

It was Ashbury's high privilege to take part in the ceremonies attendant on the funeral. Old Boys, and Boys, played such a part that we may be justified in believing that our school is important in forming that character which is the backbone of any nation.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Fraser, A.D.C., an Old Boy, and a Governor, Officer Commanding the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, seriously ill, insisted on rising from the sickbed to take his turn in the watch by the bier during the Lying in State. Commander Edson Sherwood, A.D.C., another Old Boy, watched his time over the remains. Lieutenant H. W. King had the similar honour.

Lieutenant W. H. Ellis, too, was vitally concerned with the State funeral. He saw that all detail was attended to, and the smooth running of the melancholy rites owe much to his organization. Ellis filled the all-important position of liaison officer between his late Excellency's Foot Guards and Government House.

The Corps marched on the day of the funeral with their parent regiment the G.G.F.G., and the sorrow felt by his Guards was echoed in the hearts of each Boy on parade.



THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE.
ASHBURY BOYS ACTED AS USHERS

THE CADET CORPS

By Cadet Major A. B. R. Lawrence

MORE than in any year in the School's history, the Cadet Corps has this year grown in importance among the School activities. Because of the rising tide of the importance of the military in the world and in this country, a far greater interest has been taken in the Cadet Corps by the School, and a far greater appreciation felt by the boys in their turn.

The Cadet Corps, at the beginning of this year, fell into two natural groups, one of cadets who had paraded in previous years in the Corps, and another large group of new boys and younger boys without previous training. The progress in training may be noticed in the fact that the number of cadets fit to march had been doubled by the time of the church parade which ended Corps activities this June.

During the fall and winter, the officers devoted their energy and used parades to train the large number of recruits. The work progressed so well, that some time before the Cadet Inspection, the recruits were fit to take their place in the ranks with the trained veterans of last year's Corps.

The months of this spring preceding the actual inspection were spent in more concentrated Cadet Corps work than in any previous year. Lengthy parades marked the weeks before cricket could begin, and during the cricket season the Corps paraded each afternoon. The rise of training and discipline was marked by a noticeable increase in *esprit de corps*.

The work of the officers this spring was spent in making parade movements precise and practising field movements and section drill.

During this spring a number of cadets have been promoted to non-commissioned ranks: G. D. Hughson, A. M. Curry, B. P. Mordy were made Platoon Sergeants; J. A. Smart, G. S. Fisher, Colour Sergeant; F. E. Bronson, G. R. Goodwin, H. B. Heath, H. J. MacDonald, E. Spafford, T. W. Spafford, section leaders.

The major cadet event of the year, the Inspection, was held on Wednesday, May 29. Rear-Admiral Percy W. Nelles, R.C.N., chief of naval staff, was inspecting officer. This was the first time we have had the honor of being inspected by the senior naval officer. He was attended by Lieut.-Commander E. W. Finch-Noyes. Captain John de Salaberry represented the General Staff and Lieut. W. H. Ellis the G.G.F.G. Lieut.-Col. Wurtele, M.C., V.D., A.D.C., commanding officer of the G.G.F.G. and Capt. P. M. Millette of the General Staff, could not be present.

The morning began with the inspection of the Corps at 11 A.M., then, with the assistance of a detail of drums of the G.G.F.G., the Corps marched past in Column

of Platoons, Close Column of Platoons, and Column of Route. The Corps advanced in Review Order and gave the General Salute.

The Corps then dismissed, and after falling in again went through arms drill, given by several cadets selected from the ranks.

The day ended for the Corps with field manoeuvres and tactics in sections against an unfortified position.

The following event on the program was the parade of the Junior Cadets, a stretcher squad. They did Danish drill, stretcher drill and signalling. Turner commanded the stretcher squad.

After changing into gym clothes, the seniors did physical training, Indian club swinging and fencing.

With the School's performance over, the inspecting officer, Admiral Nelles, made a few informal remarks to the Boys about their duties as Canadians to keep cheerful with courage. He congratulated them on their work. The Corps gave three cheers for Admiral Nelles, after which a picture was taken of the Corps and Junior stretcher bearers.

This parade, fitting the changed world of war, was probably the finest the school has ever put on. This was the result of the work and zeal of Capt. J. W. Johnson, late of the Machine Gun Corps, now of the Headquarters Staff, who has done so much to build up the Corps in the past three years. Mr. W. MacLeish was Assistant Physical Training Instructor.

The Corps ended the year with a church parade on June 9. It was a farewell parade with the G.G.F.G. before they went into camp. The Corps paraded very well, and credit is due to officers and cadets for the way in which they carried on without the customary assistance and guidance of Capt. Johnson. Col. Wurtele, in the mess, congratulated the Corps on its last parade with his unit and encouraged its officers and men to seek commissions in the G.G.F.G. when they became of military age.

We cannot close the Cadet Corps notes for this year without reiterating our thanks to Col. Wurtele for his kindness and help in the past, and to him and to each and every member of our parent regiment, wherever they may be called to serve, we say, "Good luck". We have been proud and privileged to be affiliated with the Guards.

THE PREFECTS

A. M. Wilson, Head Prefect

BORN in 1921, Angus graduated from Elmwood at the early age of seven. Coming to Ashbury in 1933 he has since taken an active part in all school activities. When he was still in the Junior School he had the honour of acting as page to Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough at the ceremonies attendant upon the opening of Parliament. Since entering the Senior School he has interested himself mainly in football. He made the first team in 1937, earned his Colours the following year, and climaxed his success this year by ably captaining the team. Besides this, Angus was a member of the Senior hockey team of 1937-38, and is Sports Editor on this year's Magazine Staff. For the past three years Angus has been an invaluable help as Stage Manager for the School's presentation of plays at the Little Theatre. A holder of the Newcombe prize, last year he won a General Proficiency prize.

A. B. R. Lawrence

Although born only in 1923, the Prodigy has risen to the top form of the School willynilly, excelling, at the same time, in both work and games. In the latter his success lies mainly in soccer, of which he is Captain and a double Colour, but even so he displays great enthusiasm for hockey and rugby, in which he made the team. Last year Lawrence won a General Proficiency prize, and this year he is an editor of the Ashburian. His presence, too, is always noticed in the school plays, in which he inevitably appears as a fop or a bad-tempered old lady. This year, Bert is Cadet Major and leader of the corps. He is also Captain of Connaught House and the School's authority on hitch hiking.

R. N. L. Wilson

Bob first saw the light in 1922, and came to Ashbury—direct—at the tender age of eleven. Unlike his brother he scorned entering via the seminary. This year Robert made both the hockey and football team, at the same time obtaining high marks in his examinations. A soccer player of note, Robert starred last year on the Intermediate rugby team. His main claim to fame this year is his ability to tootle on the clarinet and still retain membership in the Exclusive Four.

E. D. Wilgress

Wilgress was born in 1922, but first woke up when he stumbled through the doors of Ashbury ten years later. The School's soccer and ski expert, his chief successes since leaving the Junior School have been in cricket. Captain of this year's XI, he turned out this Fall for Senior rugby. In the scholastic realm Ted has been a well-known book hunter, and uncut pages by the thousands testify to the fact that he at least carries his many prizes home. The Newcombe cuff-links, two bats, and the cross country cup complete Willy's trophies.

THE PLAYS

Reviewed by A. B. R. Lawrence

A GAIN this year, the School presented three one-act plays at the Little Theatre, but, contrary to tradition, the occasion heralded the end of the Easter rather than the Christmas term, and, whether this change in dates had anything to do with it or not, it was gratifying to notice a larger attendance even than last year.

Preceding the rise of the curtain the Headmaster spoke briefly to the audience. He mentioned the fact that the School, in presenting three one-act plays, hoped it had found a pleasing arrangement; the endeavour was to provide variety for the audience. The Headmaster mentioned also the numerous set-backs that had been caused by sickness and accidents. He hoped that the plays had not suffered noticeably in quality.

The first piece on the program was the well-known scene from Shaw's *St. Joan*, in which the English and French decide Joan's fate. In such a play as this the clear enunciation of the lines is all important. As the Earl of Warwick, T. Leggett spoke well and with expression, but to us it did not seem that he had the force such a character demanded. The strongly pro-English Chaplain was played by P. Newcombe. This part required a strong delivery, and Newcombe did not make the mistake of underplaying such a forceful role. M. Ney, possessing a naturally clear voice, lost none of the meaning of Shaw's brilliant lines. His Cauchon was an able performance, though he spoiled the effect some times by speaking too quickly. E. Pilgrim as the Page completed the cast.

With a simple but most appropriate set, and with the aid of really excellent costumes, Mr. Archdale, who directed this offering, succeeded in putting across a static scene that would have given grounds for trepidation if performed by the most experienced school-boy actors.

In contrast to Shaw came the farce of the evening, *The Man in the Bowler Hat*. Written in Milne's lightest vein it seemed to give fun to cast and audience alike.

The play begins with a quiet family scene. On the stage is a bored, middle-aged couple who regret that so little excitement seems to have found its way into their lives. B. P. Mordy and M. Hughson were the man and wife. They were both strictly in character and did not make the mistake of burlesquing their parts. They could not have been better; in fact theirs were the two best performances of the evening. Perhaps it would not be out of place to mention here that Hughson I was awarded the Porritt cup for the best acting of the year, though there was little to choose between his performance and Mordy's.

The young lovers, the Hero and Heroine, were played—and how!—by G. Hughson and M. Curry respectfully. Hughson II was the perfect male "twinklepuss", and Curry, in his flaming red dress and scarlet wig, could not have been more devastating. They acted with talent and considerable aplomb.

To add horror to this would-be melodrama, a Chief Villian and his thug accomplice, the Bad Man, were introduced. McLaren was the villian, and Lawrence II his thug. McLaren acted well and lost none of the humour of his part. He tended, however, to burlesque rather than act the role. Lawrence was a good thug, and the obvious relish he put into his performance made it extremely effective.

The Man in the Bowler Hat entered from the wings in a veritable cloud of smoke and, coming directly down stage, throughout the performance showed an eloquent back to the audience. At the end, as a denouement to the gruesome happenings on the stage, the Man in the Bowler Hat gets up, and we realize that what we had been watching was nothing more than a rehearsal. R. B. Bailey as the Man in the Bowler Hat played a difficult part with consummate skill.

The Bishop's Candlesticks was the last play on the program. This play, definitely dramatic in tone, was again different from the other offerings of the evening. A word should be said at the beginning about not only the costuming but the setting and lighting of this scene, which were uniformly excellent. Based on an incident in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, the action takes place in the kitchen of the Bishop's cottage late one evening in 1785, and the Stage Manager's skill in collecting the correct properties for the period deserves the highest praise. It is to be regretted that A. M. Wilson who has been such a competent and satisfactory Stage and Property Manager for so many years was not able to attend the actual performance and see the triumph of his work.

Mr. Porritt was forced, at short notice, to sustain the role of the Bishop. As was to be expected from one so experienced in Drama League activities he fulfilled the part admirably, if his beard did, perhaps, make the benign old gentleman resemble Santa Claus.

The part of the convict, Jean Valjean, is the most difficult one, and calls for taste and restraint. Highly emotional and sentimental, the part would be easily ruined if over acted, and it is to Goodwin's credit that from his entrance to his exit he was thoroughly convincing.

R. Boutin was cast as Persome, the Bishop's bossy and rather ill-tempered sister. In a difficult part Boutin showed talent and was an excellent foil for the Bishop.

R. Bourget as Marie, the maid, maintained the standard set by the others to turn in an all-round, balanced performance.

The minor parts in *The Bishop's Candlesticks*, the Sergeant and his two Gendarmes, were played by A. Smart, F. W. Maclaren and T. Spafford respectfully.

Both *The Man in the Bowler Hat* and *The Bishop's Candlesticks* were directed by Mr. Porritt, whose direction of the Ashbury plays over the last few years has done much to raise the standard of acting among the boys.



SPORTS

SPORTS DAY

We reproduce below the account of Sports Day, as reported for the *Ottawa Journal*.

C. BURROWS IS SENIOR WINNER IN TRACK AND FIELD MEET

H. MacDonald and K. Abbott-Smith Triumph in Intermediate Junior Classes

FINE weather, a large crowd of spectators and keen competition throughout made a huge success of the annual sports day at Ashbury College, held Friday afternoon. Twenty-eight sports events, tea and the prize-giving made up the agenda, which lasted for about three hours. The prizes were presented by Lady Campbell, wife of the British High Commissioner to Canada.

The Fleming Cup, emblematic of the senior sports championship, was won by C. R. Burrows. The Stanley Wright Cup, for the intermediate championship, went to H. MacDonald, and in the junior bracket K. Abbott-Smith carried off the Aylwin Cup.

Among the cups presented were ski-ing awards won last Winter, the senior's going to H. Green; with C. Thomson getting the junior prize.

Other special trophies presented included:

Senior cross country, the Kerr Cup, J. A. Smart; intermediate cross country, G. Croil, and junior cross country, J. N. Turner.

Read Cup, senior high jump, won by C. R. Burrows.

Beardmore Cup, 880 yards, won by J. P. Thomas.

Whitworth Cup, 75 yards, under 12 years of age, won by J. N. Turner.

Distinguished Gallery.

Spectators included N. M. Archdale, Headmaster of the college, Air Vice-Marshall G. M. Croil, Rear-Admiral Percy Nelles, Rev. Dr. George P. Woollcombe, founder of the college; Shirley Woods, chairman of the board of governors; D. P. Cruikshank, reeve of Rockcliffe Park; Mrs. C. H. McLaren; Mr. Justice Davis, of the Supreme Court of Canada, and one of the School's governors; Major A. G. Mordy and Mrs. Mordy, of Ottawa, and Mr. Mann, of Montreal.

Results were as follows:

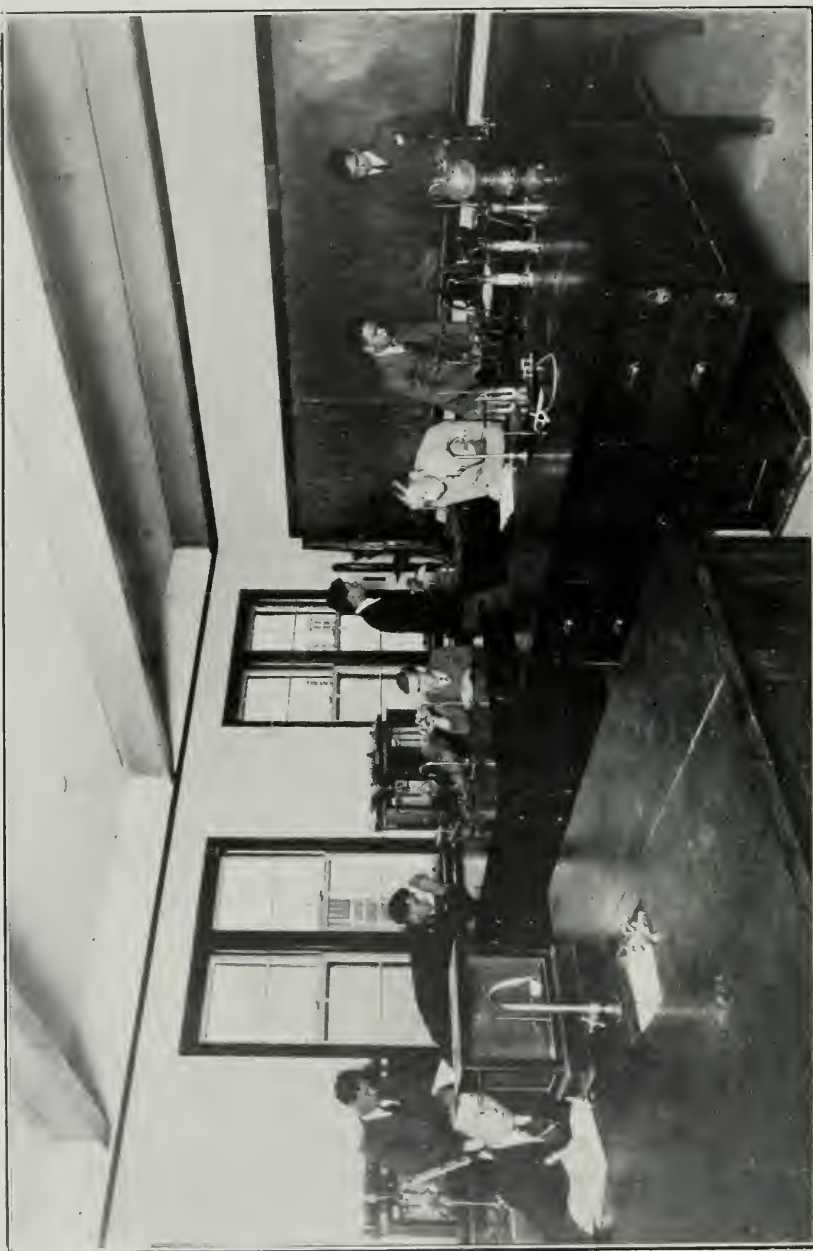
100 yards, senior: F. Bronson, C. R. Burrows, H. MacDonald. Time, 11 seconds.

100 yards, intermediate: H. MacDonald, J. McLaren, B. Farrell. Time, 11 2-5 seconds.

100 yards, junior: K. Abbott-Smith, J. N. Turner, D. Hooper. Time, 13 seconds.

75 yards, under 12 years of age: J. N. Turner, R. Gould, J. Crabb. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Throwing cricket ball, senior: C. R. Burrows, B. Bailey, E. Spafford, Distance, 243 feet 5 inches.



SCIENCE LABORATORY

Throwing cricket ball, intermediate. G. Hughson, H. MacDonald, C. Winter. Distance 227 feet 1 inch.

Throwing cricket ball, junior: E. Pilgrim, C. Thomson, K. Abbott-Smith and D. Hooper (tied). Distance, 146 feet 9 inches.

Senior high jump: C. R. Burrows, R. L. Wilson, B. P. Mordy. Height 5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Intermediate high jump: G. Hughson, H. MacDonald, B. Heath. Height, 4 feet, 10 1-4 inches.

Junior high jump: C. Thomson, E. Pilgrim, and G. Caldwell, R. Gould, W. Hamilton (tied). Height, 4 feet 1 inch.

Senior long jump. C. R. Burrows, F. Bronson, W. Soper. Distance, 18 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Intermediate long jump. H. MacDonald, B. Heath, F. Maclaren. Distance, 17 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

Junior long jump: J. N. Turner, K. Abbott-Smith, C. Thomson. Distance, 14 feet 1 inch.

One Mile: E. Spafford, A. Smart, A. M. Curry. Time 5 minutes 47 seconds.

Senior 220 yards: F. Bronson, C. R. Burrows, R. Boutin. Time, 25 3-5 seconds.

Intermediate 220 yards: H. MacDonald, B. Heath, G. Croil. Time 26 3-5 seconds.

Junior 220 yards: K. Abbott-Smith, J. N. Turner, D. Hooper. Time 31 3-5 seconds.

Senior 880 yards: J. P. Thomas, E. Spafford, E. D. Wilgress. Time, 2 minutes 30 seconds.

Senior obstacle: J. MacGowan, G. Green, R. Boutin. Time, 1 minute 25 4-5 seconds.

Intermediate obstacle: H. MacDonald, S. Montgomery, J. Wait. Time, 1 minute 36 4-5 seconds.

Junior obstacle: K. Abbott-Smith, K. Lambe, C. Thomson. Time, 2 minutes 38 seconds.

Senior hurdles, 120 yards: F. Bronson, C. Burrows, W. Soper. Time 16 4-5 seconds.

Intermediate hurdles, 120 yards: H. MacDonald, G. Hughson, G. Croil. Time, 18 4-5 seconds.

Junior hurdles, 80 yards: J. N. Turner, K. Abbott-Smith, R. Lambe. Time 17 1-5 seconds.

Senior 440 yards: C. R. Burrows, A. Curry, W. Soper. Time, 70 2-3 seconds.

Intermediate 440 yards: B. Heath, G. Croil, G. Brown. Time, 69 3-5 seconds.

Inter-house tug-of-war: Connaught House.

Inter-house relay: Woollcombe House.

Old Boys' race, 100 yards: L. F. Burrows, J. K. C. Wallace, H. M. Baker. Time, 11 3-5 seconds.

THE CLOSING

ON the official anniversary of the King's birthday, Ashbury ended another year, a most successful year. In the course of his remarks the Headmaster noted that in Senior Matriculation forty-two out of forty-five were recommended. One hundred and seventy-six papers were written in Junior matriculation with exceedingly few failures. The Headmaster paid tribute to all those who had helped in the manifold duties of running the School. He reminded his audience that the School was trying to acquire land in the Gatineau hills on which to build a lodge to which Boys would be taken at week-ends for skiing in the winter and swimming in the summer.

The Headmaster then reviewed all the School Events of the year, the games, the Corps, the plays, and so on, and he announced that in September, Ashbury would inaugurate a pre-preparatory section, to be located in all probability in the Memorial Wing.

The School was fortunate in having as guest speaker Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C. whose presence and courageous words were an inspiration to all his hearers. The gist of his remarks can be summed up in one sentence: Uphold at all times the ideals of truth, honesty, hard work and fairness.

The Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Shirley Woods, presided, and other Governors on the platform were Rev. G. P. Woolcombe, Hon. Mr. Justice Davis, Hon. Mr. Justice Hyndman, Col. J. D. Fraser, and Mr. H. S. Southam.

The Head Prefect, Angus Wilson, gave the Valedictory address which will be found elsewhere in the Magazine.

We reproduce below the Prize List.

FORM PRIZES

- VI-A A. B. R. Lawrence
 - E. Wilgress
 - A. M. Wilson
 - R. L. Wilson
- VI-B G. W. Green
 - H. M. Hughson
 - G. D. Hughson
 - B. P. Mordy
- V-B H. J. MacDonald
- IV J. Howe
- III-A D. Hooper
 - D. Matthews
 - J. Turner
- III-B J. Hooper

SPECIAL PRIZES

Governor General's Medal	A. B. R. Lawrence
Southam Cup	E. D. Wilgress
Angus Prize (French)	A. B. R. Lawrence
Wilson Prize (Maths.)	R. L. Wilson
Read Prize (Latin)	R. L. Wilson
History (Senior)	{ A. B. R. Lawrence / E. D. Wilgress
(Middle)	{ G. D. Hughson / H. M. Hughson
Nelson Shield	A. M. Wilson
Award of Merit III-B (Hunter)	J. Nesbitt
Porritt Cup (debating & dramatics)	H. M. Hughson
McMaster Public Speaking (Senior)	G. W. Green
(Intermediate)	M. Ney
(Junior)	J. Turner
Wilson Prize Batting Average	G. Fisher
Bowling Average	R. G. R. Lawrence
Roberts Allan Junior Gym	J. Turner
Shooting (Senior) Willis O'Connor	R. D. Viets
(15 to 16) Scott	R. D. Viets
(Under 15) Cox	G. Croil
(Junior) Humphrey	E. Pilgrim
(Bulls eyes) Brown Shield	G. Croil
Wilson Shield (Inter House Competition)	Woolcombe House
Junior Tennis Singles	R. G. R. Lawrence



THE MEMORIAL WING.

VALEDICTION

Address Delivered on Closing Day by Angus Wilson, Head Prefect.

LAST year when the valedictory address was given, Canada was at peace. Now Canada is at war.

This is the first valediction to be given by a Head Boy of Ashbury in the year that Canada entered the war. Its tone will, therefore, be very different from any delivered before, on the closing day of the summer term.

I entered this school, I and all my classmates, with few definite ideas about what I would do in later life. As a class, as we grew up, and as we advanced further in our studies, we started to plan for the future. We began to look forward to the day of graduation, when we would go out into the world to test our skill, and put to practical use what we had learned in these halls.

Now, suddenly, the future for many of us has been changed. These are difficult times, but the basically sound principles that we have absorbed in our years at Ashbury auger well for the days that lie ahead. We have learned how to give and how to take; to obey and to command. To the many problems facing our nation we bring these, and what qualities of heart and mind each one of us possesses.

One of the cardinal principles most stressed in a private school is Faith. That is why we have our chapel services; and it is only through faith, faith in our beliefs, faith in our ideals, faith, passionate faith, in the Liberty and Freedom we have always enjoyed, that we, a nation of free men, can hope to emerge victorious from this struggle against evil that we have entered and will pursue to the end. To this war we bring our Faith.

It would seem futile at this time to mention our achievements as a class. We have had our quota of games captains, we have had, too, a wartime Cadet Corps leader, and the lessons we have learned on the football field and on the cricket pitch; the discipline taught us by the Corps, we now dedicate to the fuller life which we are about to enter.

In closing, may I remind you of the words spoken by a great Englishman, a little over 300 years ago, an Englishman whose way of living seems to be singularly reflected in the character of the present Prime Minister of that country.

*"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."*

"This England", he said. Let us add to that, this Canada!

A VISIT TO THE DADSON-MERRILL PRESS

Reviewed by G. W. Green

ON the afternoon of Thursday, January 18th, several of the magazine staff enjoyed a most interesting trip, with Mr. Porritt, to the Dadson-Merrill Press, in order to see the "Ashburian" in the actual process of being printed.

Mr. Dadson, himself on our arrival, very kindly sacrificed more than an hour of his time to conduct us around the building and to explain the various operations in detail.

None of us had ever been able to visit a printing plant before and the speed and intricacy of the machinery amazed us. Almost the first thing we saw was the first sixteen pages of the magazine set up, ready to be printed. We examined the type and by comparison with a similar machine nearby, formed a good idea of the method involved. By the door stood the folding machine, which by a wonderful series of scores and rollers, folded finished sheets into pages.

Continuing upstairs, we were shown the linotype. Its operator, by means of a keyboard somewhat similar to that of a typewriter, could drop the required letters into a groove where they were seized and drawn out of sight, to emerge in a solid fused line of type, automatically spaced. Some of our group stayed here fascinated while the others moved faithfully on.

On the next table laundry cards were being stamped with serial numbers. Further on, circulars for the "Citizen" were being printed, with headlines in brilliant crimson. The sheets were snatched up, pressed against the type, rolled up and over a band and dropped in a neat pile on the other side in the space of a second. The workman who carefully explained the machine to us, told us that it was capable of turning over 3,500 sheets an hour.

The feat we next noticed was certainly the most spectacular in the shop and must have required steady nerves. It was that of shaving off the edges of compact sheaves of paper. The workman carelessly held the paper in one hand, and with the other let fall a great sharp blade which passed no more than 1-10 of an inch from his finger tips. It was almost a relief to pass on to the harmless apparatus for lining foolscap.

Finally, to conclude our visit, we passed down to the engraving room where we met Mr. Tomkinson, one of the ablest men in Canada in this line of work. We were shown the dazzling carbon arc lamps, the darkroom and many other things far too complex for us to fully understand.

When we left, it was with the realization that we had spent a very instructive two hours. Turner, in particular, our Junior editor, was literally weighed down with souvenirs. What most surprised us however, was the wide variety of work being done, Boy Scout pamphlets, army forms, circulars, admission tickets, air mail seals—all were there. The plant impressed us all and above all else, showed us that there was far more to the magazine than simply writing

EXCHANGES

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges:—

- The Acta Ridlieana*, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.
The B.C.S. Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
The Bedales Chronicle, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants, England.
The Blue and White, Rothsay Collegiate, Rothsay, N.B.
The Canberran, Canberra Grammar School, Canberra, Australia.
The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.
The Cranbrookian, Cranbrook School, Cranbrook, Kent, England.
The Cranleighian, Cranleigh School, Cranleigh, Surrey, England.
The Felstedian, Felsted School, Felsted, Essex, England.
The Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.
The Hatfield Hall Magazine, Hatfield Hall, Cobourg, Ont.
The Lawrentian, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, England.
Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa, Ont.
The Marlburian, Marlborough College, Marlborough, Wilts, England.
The Meteor, Rugby School, Rugby, England.
The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Northland Echoes, North Bay Collegiate, North Bay, Ont.
The Patrician Herald, St. Patrick's College, Ottawa.
The Queen's Review, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The R.M.C. Review, R.M.C. Kingston, Ont.
St. Andrew's College Review, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.
St. Thomas' College Magazine, St. Thomas' College, Colombo, Ceylon
Samara, Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
The Shazzenigan Lake School Magazine, Shazzenigan Lake, B.C.
The Tonbridgian, Tonbridge School, Tonbridge, Kent, England.
Trafalgar Echoes, Trafalgar Institute, Montreal, P.Q.
The Trinity University Review, Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.
Toc H Journal, Toc. H., Westminster, S.W.1., England.
The Wanganui Collegian, Wanganui College, Wanganui, New Zealand.
Toc H Chronicle, Toc H., Westminster, S.W.1., England.
The Trinity College Magazine, Trinity College, Toronto, Ont.

GAMES

FIRST VI



R. G. Goodwin, (manager), A. B. R. Lawrence, J. P. Thomas, G. S. Fisher, E. S. Spafford, C. R. Burrows, H. J. MacDonald, J. A. MacGowan, (captain), R. D. Viets, F. E. Bronson, C. A. Winter, R. B. Bailey, W. B. Lawson, H. B. Heath, A. E. Wood, Esq., (coach)
 Absent: J. W. Johnson, Esq., A. M. Wilson, R. N. L. Wilson, J. A. Smart.

HOCKEY THE SEASON

Reviewed by A. E. Wood, Esq.

IN this department this year Ashbury has nothing to be ashamed of, and a great deal to pride itself on. In the first place, we were a young group, having lost practically a full team through graduation the previous year. We had, roughly, twenty lads to pick a team from. This we did, and began to practise faithfully, until we found an undercurrent of enthusiasm in our midst, which carried us along an even line of victories until mishaps and injuries gradually wore us down. We entered the City Junior Interscholastic Hockey Series for the first time in the School's History, and led the league during the first four weeks with five victories and no defeats to our credit. The pace was strong and competition keen, and we suffered two defeats. In our private school league we trimmed Lower Canada College quite handily, and then journeyed to Bishop's College School for our final game, and, we hoped, the cup. We lost by one goal in a rink one-half our accustomed size, and came home with heavy hearts to continue in our city league. Then injuries set in, as they always do—a broken finger, a broken leg, a bruised cartilage—but with few substitutes to carry on we went down fighting. Hats off to a grand bunch of lads who were not supposed to be very good but turned out to be excellent.

FIRST VI CHARACTERS

By J. A. MacGowan, Captain

- C. R. BURROWS, Left Wing, 3rd year on team. Played a standout game throughout the season and his ability in play-making was exceptional.
- J. P. THOMAS, Defence, 2nd year on team. Played a good brand of hockey all season and was a real plugger on the ice. His blocking was good.
- G. S. FISHER, Defence, 1st year on team. A very effective player, both defensively and offensively. A natural skater with a very hard shot. Will be a very valuable player next season.
- F. E. BRONSON, Right Wing, 1st year on team. He must learn to be surer of himself and improve his passing. Has a great deal of speed. With more experience, he should improve.
- H. J. MacDONALD, Goaler, 1st year on team. He must learn to block off-the-corner shots more effectively. He should improve greatly with experience.
- J. A. SMART, Right Wing, 2nd year on team. Always tried hard, but must learn to skate more smoothly. With experience will improve.
- BAILEY, Centre, 2nd year on team. A very good skater but a little erratic. He must learn to cover and control his shot.
- SPAFFORD I, Centre, 1st year on team. Played hard all season, but must learn to back-check with more effect and increase his speed on rushes. A tricky shot.

WILSON I, Right Wing, 2nd year on team. Was always in the right place at the right time, but must learn to control his stick-handling. Fair speed and a good shot.

WILSON II, Defence, 1st year on team. Rather erratic on the ice and must learn to clear in front of the nets.

WINTER, Left Wing, 1st year on team, a good skater, but must make use of opportunities. Will improve with experience.

VIETS, Right Wing, 1st year on team. His skating was weak and very slow on break-aways. He must improve his passing.

LAWRENCE I, Utility, 1st year on team. Played a fair game when called upon. Must learn to handle the puck more effectively.

HEATH, Defence, 1st year on team. Used his weight to full advantage and should improve quickly. A fair shot but must too improve his skating.

LAWSON, Utility, 1st year on team. A good stick-handler, but must increase his speed.

By A. E. WOOD, Esq., Coach.

J. A. MacGOWAN (Captain) First string centre. Our chief scorer and play-maker. He is a joy to watch and should go far. Uses his head as well as his feet.

Credit is due Goodwin for managing the team.

THE GAMES

ASHBURY vs. LaSALLE ACADEMY, WON 2 - 1.

We opened our hockey season against LaSalle in the Junior Inter-Scholastic League, winning by a score of 2 - 1. MacGowan scored both goals, being assisted by Fisher and Bronson.

ASHBURY vs. U. of O., WON 5 - 2.

Our second straight win of the season. Scoring by Burrows, Fisher and MacGowan. This game was the first defeat of the season for Ottawa U.

ASHBURY vs. ST. PAT'S, LOST 2 - 5

We were handed our first defeat of the season by St. Pat's, who out-played us from start to finish. In the last period we managed to score two goals, averting a shutout. Burrows and Thomas were the scorers while MacGowan and Burrows each picked up an assist.

ASHBURY vs. COMMERCE, WON 3 - 2.

Recovering from a defeat handed to us by St. Pat's, we defeated Commerce by the score of 3 - 2. The Scorers were Burrows, MacGowan and Fisher. This was our last game before the Christmas holidays.

ASHBURY vs TECH, LOST 5 - 3

Ottawa Tech blanked the School 5 - 0 for their first shut out of the year. The game was marked by many penalties, due to much rough play on both sides.

ASHBURY vs GLEBE, LOST 2 - 1

In this game we suffered the first really bad defeat of the season, several of our players being confined to the sidelines by sickness. The School's lone goal went to Burrows who played a fine game.

ASHBURY vs LISGAR, WON 5 - 4

We handed Lisgar a 5 - 4 setback in a very close game at the Auditorium. MacGowan and Burrows were scorers in this game.

ASHBURY vs ST. PAT'S, TIED 6 - 6

In our second game with St. Pat's our team played a very good game and tied St. Pat's this time, after being beaten before by the same team. In this game MacGowan scored four, while Bronson and Burrows collected the other two.

ASHBURY vs. LOWER CANADA

On Feb. 3rd, Ashbury played hosts to Lower Canada, and due to the good scoring of our captain, Jimmy MacGowan, came out on the big end of a 7 - 3 score, with MacGowan scoring six goals.

This was the first game for the School in the defence of the Old Boy Cup we won last year, and it was not long before MacGowan, on a long shot from centre ice, put the School one up. Near the end of the period, MacGowan's two quick goals on beautiful passes from Bronson left Ashbury leading 3 - 0.

L.C.C. came out fighting, and only a few minutes had elapsed before Armitage of L.C.C. cut the score down to 3 - 1. The game was turning into a real battle, when MacGowan scored at the half-way mark to put the School ahead 4 - 1. Richardson put L.C.C. back in the game near the close of the period but MacGowan, on a beautiful unassisted goal, counteracted this one thirty seconds later to give Ashbury a 5 - 2 lead.

Due to an unfortunate accident to the L.C.C. goaler, the game was delayed ten or fifteen minutes, and when the game finally got underway MacGowan scored again to put the school four goals up. The game became wide open with L.C.C. battling to the last, and they were finally rewarded when Cape shot a low one past MacDonald to complete his School's scoring. Burrows scored on a breakaway to end the game with Ashbury the victors by a 7 - 3 count.

ASHBURY vs TECH, LOST 6 - 1

In this game we opened the scoring 30 seconds after the whistle had gone. The goal was scored by MacGowan, assisted by Thomas who was playing forward in-

stead of his usual position at defence. In the next two periods our team weakened badly and six goals were scored against us.

ASHBURY vs. LISGAR, WON 4 - 3

This was another close game with Lisgar but we managed to gain a 4 - 3 decision over them. In this game MacGowan scored two while Burrows and Bronson picked up the other two.

ASHBURY vs. OTTAWA U., TIED 2 - 2

Ottawa U. came from behind with two goals late in the second and third periods to tie the school 2 all. MacGowan scored both goals with Burrows assisting on the first and Heath on the second.

ASHBURY vs. B.C.S. AWAY. LOST 7 - 6

Playing on very fast ice and the teams evenly matched, B.C.S. nosed out Ashbury by a one goal margin.

For the first five minutes Ashbury battled with B.S.C. up in their own blue line and did everything but score. Then B.C.S. broke away and Sewell I batted the puck past MacDonald.

Four minutes later, Kenny scored and the School was behind by two goals.

Just before the period ended Burrows scored and we were only one goal down.

The second period produced more high scoring and after overcoming a three goal lead the School tied the score up.

Three minutes before the end of the last period and the score tied 6 - 6 Kenney put the game away for B.S.C. when he let a shot go from the side of the rink which found its way to the corner of the net.

The following is reproduced from the *Ottawa Journal*:—

"WOOLLCOMBE TEAM HOUSE CHAMPIONS"

"Running up a 6 - 0 score on their opponents, Woolcombe yesterday defeated Connaught at the Auditorium to capture the House hockey championship of Ashbury College. The victory was Woolcombe's second in the best-of-three series, they having won the second game, 4 - 2, after dropping the initial contest 6 - 3.

Jimmy MacGowan, Charlie Burrows and Spafford shared scoring honours for the House champions, each getting two goals. The winners held a distinct edge on their opponents and were full value for their triumph.

Losers Try Hard.

Unable to beat McKinley, the Connaught team tried hard all the way, Joe Thomas, Digby Viets and Fisher being their best players.

The Teams:

Connaught—MacDonald, goal; Fisher and Heath, defence; Thomas, centre; Winter and Viets, wings; Lawson, Lawrence, Leonowens and Lee, subs.

Woolcombe—McKinley, goal, Spafford I and Bailey, defence, MacGowan, centre, Burrows and Bronson, wings; Croil, Moffatt, Bourget and Hughson II, subs
Referee, Tommy Shields.

Jimmy MacGowan and Charles Burrows were both chosen to play on the All-Star Team which played the Senior Inter-Scholastic Champions, St. Pats at a hockey benefit for a LaSalle injury.

THE SKI SEASON OF 1940 AT ASHBURY

By E. D. Wilgress

SKIING at Ashbury, as far as interscholastic competitions are concerned, is a comparatively new thing. It originated last year and although we then had been fairly successful, skiing had been left to the initiative of the individual, rather than the school.

This year, however, we were fortunate enough to gain the services of Dr. Hannes Kchr, formerly of Austria, who took skiing enthusiasts under his personal care and systematically reorganized the sport.

The teams entered all competitions possible and although they never finished with "flying colours" they always put up a good showing and, most important of all, with the advancing season they grew steadily stronger, in numbers as well as in efficiency.

The season started with the Baird Trophy. Most of our skiers, entering for the first time, were rather nervous. Nevertheless, the team as a whole did well, and the achievements of the "spare runners" were particularly encouraging. In the Ault Trophy our men were certainly showing more confidence. The blinding snow storm in which this race was run did not seem an obstacle to them, but a challenge. The first team finished high up in the final standing, a reward for its gallant effort.

The climax of the skiing season was the Seignior Club week-end from March the 1st to March 3rd. We left Ottawa Friday afternoon, full of vigour and with great enthusiasm, and we came back Sunday evening, tired, but with the same enthusiasm for skiing. In the meet itself we came third in the Downhill and in the Cross Country, and second in the Slalom. In the combined events we came a good third, behind Westmount and only two points behind Ottawa Tech.

The Ashbury Ski Meet, held at Bud Clark's Skiskule, was the last, but in no way the least event of our ski season. It consisted of Downhill, Slalom and Cross Country, "with the old men"—as the Headmaster put it—"not being able to stand up under the strain" of the latter race. But generally speaking, the spirit of competition was strong in "old and young"—with individual honours going to Green II.

In conclusion, something might be said for the second ski team. They were young both in age and in skiing experience, but did not lack the ambition of even beating the first team. In this they happily did not succeed, but they gathered enough experience and they built up such a fine team spirit that in the coming winter Ashbury should have a fair chance of carrying off some of those treasured cups.

CROSS COUNTRY

THE Cross Country Races were held this year fairly late in the season, on May 11th, to be exact. The day was just right, for it was quite cool, and the heavy overcast of clouds frequently let down refreshing showers.

The Senior course was, as usual, a route of about five miles, to the Airport and back. The Intermediate course was the same as last year and was about two miles shorter than the Senior course.

There were not as many entries as last year, but good times were made by all the runners.

The Boys who did not enter the Cross Countries acted as markers for the courses.

The results of the Senior and Intermediate races are given below. It will be seen that in points, Woolcombe House beat Connaught by a fair margin.

CROSS COUNTRY RACE RESULTS 1940

Seniors	House	Time	
1. Smart	W	29 m. 57 secs.	
2. MacGowan	W	30 m. 55 secs.	House Scoring
Spafford I	W		10 points for 1st
4. Curry	C	31 m. 30 "	7 points for 2nd
5. Wilgress	W	32 m. 40 "	5 points for 3rd
6. Burrows	W	37 m. 15 "	1 point within 10 m. of winner.
Wilson II	W		

Intermediates			
1. Croil	W	23 m. 7 secs.	House Scoring
2. Bourget	W	24 m.	7 points for 1st
3. Lawrence II	C	24 m. 19 secs.	5 points for 2nd
4. Brown	W	25 m. 13 secs.	3 points for 3rd
5. Heath	C	27 m. 31 secs.	1 point within 7 m. of winner.
W.: Woolcombe:	38	}	Final House Assessment of Points.
C.: Connaught:	5		



THE PLAYING FIELDS.

FIRST XI



Standing H J MacDonald, J A MacGowan, E Spafford, J P Thomas, G D Hughson, A. M. Wilson,
H M Hughson, (scorer)
Sitting: R G R Lawrence, C. R Burrows, E D Wilgress, (captain), R B Bailey, G. S. Fisher.

CRICKET

SEASON 1940

Reviewed by E. D. Wilgress, Captain First XI.

STARTING the 1940 season with only two former first team members and a coach, Mr. Brain had the difficult task of digging deep into the School to find potential cricketers and mould them into a team. His search brought to light many boys of heretofore unknown talent, and by exploiting these he created a serious challenge to our opponents.

Our season cannot be termed a complete success, but still it was far from a failure. We won our annual game with L.C.C., but lost narrowly to Bishop's, and considering the multitude of Colour blazers dotting the landscape in the Old Boys game, we put up a good showing against them. Barclay, Ashbury's cricket ace of the past few years, member of the Canadian team which played many matches in England last year and considered one of the best bowlers in Canada, was one of those Old Boys present.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of this year's team was that they were young, but quick to learn the fundamentals of the game. This and the fact that practically all will return next year augur well for the summer team of 1941.

Too much credit could not be given to Mr. Brain for his time and work with us this spring. The Corps, for obvious reasons, had to spend more regular time than usual on parade, and this naturally somewhat cut into practice time. That he did as well with us as he did reflects great credit on his ability.

FIRST XI CHARACTERS

By E. D. Wilgress, Captain

C. R. BURROWS (Vice-Captain). 2nd year on team. Developed after a shaky start into a really good bat. However, he should wait until he is set before starting to hit. An excellent fielder, with a good throwing arm.

R. B. BAILEY. 1st year on team. A good bowler, who keeps an excellent length. A stylish batsman, who should next year get many runs. His fielding was very good.

FISHER. 1st year on team. A powerful hitter, who got runs when they were needed. His wicket keeping was rather inconsistent.

LAWRENCE II. 1st year on team. An excellent bowler, who invariably kept a good length. Should remember to keep his balls off the leg. A fair bat, who should loosen up more. A fair field.

MacDONALD. 1st year on team. Developed towards the end of the season, into a very good, but somewhat inconsistent, bowler. Inexperienced as a batsman, he showed marked improvement. A promising cricketer.

HUGHSON II. 1st year on team. Developed into a good opening bat. A good field and catch.

SPAFFORD. 1st year on team. A good bat. Useful as a bowler, and in the field.

MacGOWAN, 1st year on team. An improved bat, who showed promise and revealed that he could get runs when he wanted to. Inclined to doze on the field.

THOMAS. 1st year on team. Shows great keenness and is developing rapidly both as a batsman and as a bowler. A very good fielder.

WILSON I. 1st year on team. Started out as a first class opening bat. Unfortunately, illness forced him into early retirement and we felt his loss throughout the season.

McLAREN I. 1st year on team. A promising young batsman, with good style. Could catch well.

By A. D. Brain, Esq.

E. D. WILGRESS. (Captain). 3rd year on team. A really fine bat with punishing off-shots, he suffered this year from persistent ill-fortune. A useful slow-medium change bowler and a sound field. As a captain he showed remarkable ability to profit from experience, and keen leadership on the field.

VERSUS LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Played at Ashbury

L. C. C.		Ashbury	
Campbell I, b. Bailey	0	Hughson II, b. Campbell I	0
Mills, c. Hughson II, b. Bailey	0	MacGowan, not out	24
Cape, b. Lawrence II	9	Bailey, I b w Harkness	9
Calves, b. Lawrence II	2	Burrows, b. Campbell I	3
Campbell II, run out	1	Wilgress, b. Campbell I	1
Dodds, c. McLaren I, b. Bailey	2	MacDonald, c. and b. Campbell I	0
Harkness, c. Burrows, b. Bailey	5	Spafford I, run out	0
Mackintosh, I b w, Lawrence II	7	Fisher, not out	10
Weston, not out	8	Thomas	
Hersey, b. Bailey	3	McLaren I	} Did not bat
Wallace, c. Wilgress, b. Lawrence II	4	Lawrence II	
Extras	6	Extras	6
TOTAL	47	TOTAL	53

This fixture was held at Ashbury, as the original match, scheduled for the L.C.C. grounds, was rained out.

VERSUS BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

Played at Ashbury

B. C. S.		Ashbury	
Thornhill, b. Wilgress	24	Hughson II, c. Wregg, b. Stairs II	1
Day I, I b w, Lawrence II	2	MacGowan, c. Tomlinson, b. Sewell I	2
Wregg, b. Lawrence II	5	Bailey, c. and b. Sewell I	15
Sewell I, c. Thomas, b. Lawrence II	23	Burrows, c. Ramsay, b. Sewell I	15
Dodds, b. Bailey	0	Wilgress, c. and b. Stairs II	13
Mactier, I b w, Lawrence II	2	MacDonald, b. Stairs II	0
Davis, c. Hughson II, b. Lawrence II	0	Fisher, b. Palmer	14
Ramsey, b. Lawrence II	0	Spafford I, b. Sewell I	3
Stairs II, run out	20	Thomas, c. and b. Sewell I	0
Tomlinson, not out	4	Lawrence II, b. Sewell I	4
Palmer, c. Hughson II, b. Wilgress	0	Heath, not out	3
Extra	3	Extras	5
TOTAL	92	TOTAL	66

Second Innings		Second Innings	
Thornhill, c. Fisher, b. Lawrence II	1	Fisher, c. and b. Ramsey	2
Day, c. Burrows, b. Wilgress	0	Burrows, b. Ramsey	15
Wregg, b. Wilgress	0	Wilgress, c. and b. Ramsey	0
Sewell I, not out	60	Spafford I, c. Stairs, b. Day I	1
Dodds, c. Burrows, b. Wilgress	7	Macdonald, not out	5
Mactier, b. Spafford I	4	Thomas, not out	
Davis, c. Burrows, b. Spafford I	0	Hughson II	} Did not bat
Ramsey, b. Wilgress	0	Mac Gowan	
Stairs II, not out	4	Bailey	
Tomlinson		Lawrence II	
Palmer	} Did not bat		
Extras	5	Heath	1
TOTAL (for 7 wickets)	81	Extras	
		TOTAL for 4 wickets	25

VERSUS THE OLD BOYS

Played at Ashbury

Old Boys

Read, b. Bailey	7
Beauclerk, c. Wilgress, b. Bailey	5
Grant, b. MacDonald	26
Robinson, c. Hughson II, b. Bailey	0
Tyrer, c. Hughson II, b. Bailey	2
Snelling, b. MacDonald	10
McMaster, c. Burrows, b. Lawrence II	12
Barclay, c. Thomas, b. Bailey	5
Pacaud, c. McLaren, b. Bailey	37
Dunning, b. Bailey	20
Burrows, b. Bailey	9
Eakin, not out	0
Mathias, run out	0
Extras	16
TOTAL	149

Ashbury

MacGowan, b. Snelling	7
Hughson II, b. Barclay	4
Bailey, b. Snelling	0
Burrows, b. Snelling	2
Wilgress, c. McMaster, b. Barclay	4
Fisher, b. Barclay	17
MacDonald, c. Beauclerk, b. Snelling	2
Spafford I, c. Dunning, b. Beauclerk	11
Thomas, b. Beauclerk	0
Wardrope, b. Barclay	3
McLaren, not out	2
Lawrence II, c. Snelling, b. Barclay	0
Extras	4
TOTAL	56

Second Innings

Eakin, b. Bailey	2
Mathias, b. MacDonald	0
Burrows, c. MacDonald, b. Bailey	0
Robinson, b. MacDonald	1
McMaster, c. Wilgress, b. MacDonald	0
Pacaud, run out	8
Tyrer, c. MacDonald, b. Bailey	20
Beauclerk, b. MacDonald	14
Dunning, c. MacGowan, b. MacDonald	4
Barclay, run out	8
Snelling, b. MacDonald	6
Grant, b. MacDonald	0
Read, not out	2
Extras	11
TOTAL	76

Second Innings

MacGowan, b. Tyrer	9
Hughson II, not out	13
Fisher, c. Barclay, b. Tyrer	0
Burrows, b. Barclay	16
Bailey, not out	0
Wilgress	} Did not bat
MacDonald	
Spafford I	
Thomas	
Wardrope	
McLaren	
Lawrence II	
Extras	8
TOTAL (for 3 wickets)	46

AVERAGES

Bowling

	Average	O.	M.	R.	W.
MacDonald	6.5	17	4	59	9
Lawrence II	8.7	43	6	131	15
Bailey	10.1	58	9	202	20
Wilgress	13.3	24	1	133	10
Spafford I	14.5	9	0	58	4

Batting

	Innings	Times Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Fisher	7	1	65	17	10.8
Burrows	7	0	69	18	9.8
MacGowan	6	1	35	24 ¹	8.8
Spafford I	6	0	40	21	6.6
Wilgress	6	0	33	13	5.5
Hughson II	6	1	26	13 ¹	5.2

OPEN LETTER TO LEE SNELLING

By T. H. W. Read, Esq.

Dear Lee,

Why, oh, why were you not at the golf match on June twelfth? I mean the Ashbury Golf Match at the Chaudiere. You must have heard about it from somebody, a least it seems to me that all the town is buzzing with talk of the new records made on that memorable date. The groundsmen are still trying to replace some of the divots which were dug, and the old bloke at the water hole has retired from the sale of the balls that were dropped therein. What fun!

At least, nobody can blame me for the idea. Mr. Porritt is the proud father of that brain storm (poor disillusioned fellow!). His dreams must often be invaded by the ghosts of the ten or so balls that he whacked into oblivion. Goodness only knows how the five that I lost have plagued my troubled sleep.

Unfortunately, no records of the scores made have been retained. I can remember that Angus Wilson had the only presentable one for the first nine, but as for Porritt, Wilgress and myself, who composed the first foursome, we were in the unmentionable class. Confidentially!

The rest of the crowd ran into a lot of difficulty. Spafford, Green, Viets, and Fisher managed to complete the whole eighteen, which was a wonder. They spent so much time trying to skip balls across the water on the ninth that one wondered whether they would finish before the end of the month. Nobody knows what happened to Frank Burrows and his foursome. There were rumours that Jeff Hughson and Gus Smart had wandered too far into the rough on the eighth and been captured by a passing sea serpent that was waiting for just such a mischance. Frank was last seen on the Royal Ottawa looking for his drive on the seventeenth. Soper was said to have done away with himself.

All in all, however, it was great fun.—But I wish you had been there, Lee, for in that case I should not have had to write this up!

Yours apologetically,

Tom.

OPEN LETTER TO TOM READ

By H. D. L. Snelling, Cad.

Sir—and I question that!

I am in receipt of a rather curious letter, asking me why I did not participate in the Ashbury golf match at the Chaudiere Club. A casual stranger reading Mr. Read's letter—the pun was unintentional—would think I had been pressed to play. True, I did hear some mumblings at the Old Boys cricket match, but that is as far

as it went. Since then I have been told that they tried to get in touch with me. I wonder if they did!

[You bet we did, but our correspondent, cagy as usual, thought fit to have "a fishing engagement" miles from any possible scene of golfing activity. The fact that it rained, or that he had sore feet or something, must be looked upon as a variation of the diplomatic "cold". The editors mention this for veracity's sake only!]

Could it be that I remember a former golf match in which the organizer of the present match, a Mr. H. Something-or-Other played, and I partnered him? Could it be that he was afraid that I would give him away? Believe me, I could, and I shall—right now.

From what I can gather from the mutterings and chatterings about this year's match, everyone had a lot of fresh air, and more strokes. The old boy that sits in the boat on the water hole called for friends, and the assembled wooden navy, alarmed several regular members who had visions of an invasion or the Peasants' Revolt. In any case, I have heard most reliably that the boat boys all hit the jack-pot that day. (You see, Tom, he may be able to bluff his way through an English class, but you can't kid people that you're just "off your game.") Since my former esteemed partner and I played, I believe that he had, only last summer, a round with Henry Cotton. Well, you know you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!

Describing our match of four years ago would require so much space and so many figures that you would never finish reading it, but perhaps a few highlights are worth recalling. When I say "worth recalling," don't be confused. Don't think that the golf was worth recalling. It was atrocious. All I can say is that we could always get a laugh out of each other. We started early, for somehow our late Headmaster had suspicions about the calibre of our play, and wanted us in by nightfall. His suspicions were not entirely unfounded. Caddies dropped from exhaustion. Field mice were strewn all over the course; the boys were taking care to keep their shots low.

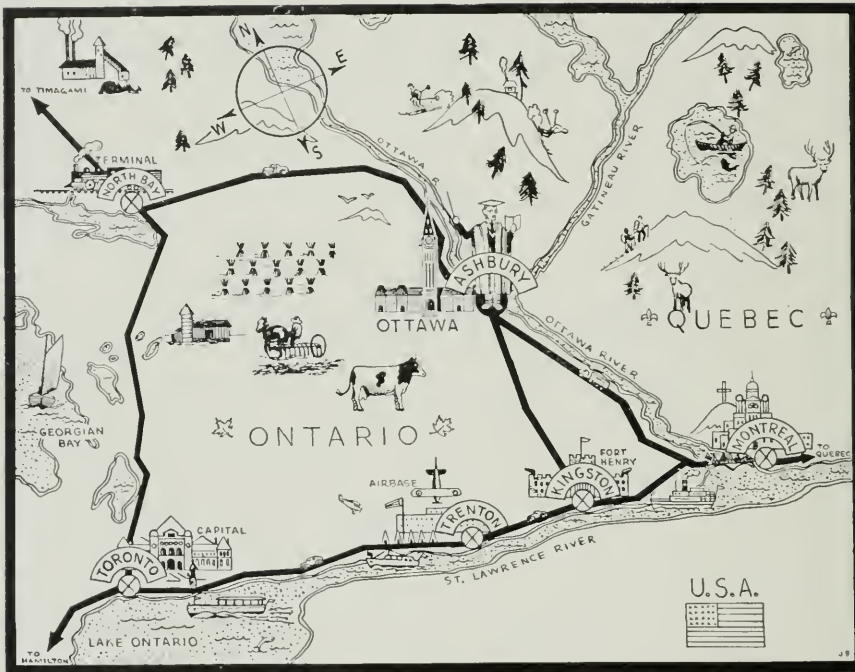
And now, a personal recollection. I shall always remember the start; H. P. elected himself first off the tee. When the foursome ahead passed the hundred yard mark, we shouted to him to wait. Knowingly, he bluffed it out until they were well beyond the two hundred yard line. That was his supreme moment. After that we made him hit directly we got on the tee. It was, the Leader informed us, "a tough course."

During this attack you might have said to yourself that granted that this mysterious H. P. was a sharker of the worst type, and should only have been allowed on a course to rake bunkers, so what? But the fellow that wrote this account, how did he play? Believe me when I say that I was worse than H.P. No—I am not playing much these days— but if you ever come to town I play a swell game of tiddleywinks.

Yours apoplectically,

Sneering Stymie Snelling.

LITERARY SECTION



LIVE LIFE TO THE FULL

Anonymous

OUR length of days, it is said, is numbered as the very hairs on our head. "Getting and spending we lay waste our life."

"A dull life this, if full of care

"We have not time to stand and stare."

A host of witnesses can be gathered to bear testimony to the futility of a hedonistic philosophy, witnesses who uphold the view that our stay on earth should be characterized by work, work, work; that life is an essentially serious business and permits of little levity. Here is a case in point, a witness.

Once there was a wealthy man. He was not born wealthy, but during his life of hard work and conscientious toil he had amassed great riches. His chief worry, however, was the fear that he might one day be robbed, and his life's treasure taken from him.

But a man of such acquisitive ability is not easily defeated, and he built enormous strongholds in which to store securely his great hoard. Unfortunately, however, on the night before the treasury cars were due to call and remove his wealth to safe-keeping, he died.

Our hero, if such you choose to call him, was a bachelor, so no one benefitted immediately from his estate. He had never known a day of ill-health, so he denied himself the sentimental luxury of willing money to any hospital or other charitable institution. He was a strange mixture of Midas and Scrooge.

But if he enjoyed his life, I hear someone ask, why criticise the way in which he chose to indulge his fancies? Let me assure my reader that he did not enjoy himself. Spending money was to him an anathema; pleasure a sin. He always believed in the age old precept, "After Joy, Sorrow", and being faint-hearted he refused to put this adage to the test and prove its falsity. He died as he had lived, immeasurably poor, barren of friends, spiritless and alone.

Death, we are told, is inevitable. Its all too frequent occurrence would lead even the most stupid of us to believe it true. If, then, it is the inevitable conclusion of our life here, why, in this the best of all possible worlds, should we not taste the pleasures that it affords, now, while our lips still breathe life, before they are stopped up with the dust of centuries? For myself, if on the Great Day I were asked, "What in your life did you do on earth? What of the beauties of My creation have you enjoyed?" and I could only answer "I made a killing in nickel just before the second World War," I should hope to be spared all further interrogation and be despatched immediately to that place of lost souls where Beauty no longer raises her head, and Loveliness is but a nostalgic reminder of a past never to be forgotten, a dream of happiness always to be remembered with pain.

SPOOKS

By G. Green

Any reference to persons dying or dead is purely coincidental.

TO almost everyone, the supernatural makes a fascinating subject. There is something about a ghost story—read in the daytime—which affords welcome relief from the mundane existence usually indulged in by most of us. Therefore I will begin abruptly.

Ghosts may ordinarily be divided into four classes, the gruesome, the visiting, the avenging and the common muttering, chain-clanking variety. It is with the first that I would like to principally deal.

In earlier ages, ghosts seem to have been unknown, but, according to Mr. Wells, they were introduced in this manner. The "Old Man" was a fearsome individual who beat his wife and brained his children. On his death, the family refused to go near the body, fearing a trap. By the advanced stages of decomposition, their fears must have been somewhat allayed, but they continued to believe that his sleep was merely temporary and that he would someday reappear and beat the living daylight out of them.

Yet they did not know where or why the "Old Man" had gone. This neat problem was left for future generations to solve. Once upon a time, they said, all men were immortal, and shed their old skins every year, like snakes. Unfortunately, one woman, thus rejuvenated, was not recognized by her children, who were unused to that sort of thing, and in order to pacify them, she again donned her cast-off covering. Since that time all skins have steadfastly refused to be removed, and man became mortal.

Feeling very sorry for themselves, the descendants of men who had once joyfully wallowed in glorious immortality gradually created an alternative afterworld for both good and bad, excluding only suicides, who having been impudent enough to die before being called for, were forced to wander about in the cold. To prevent their accidentally disturbing the peace, they were usually staked down by the Sheriff at the village crossroads. If the stake was removed, this agile spirit apparently rose with a "pop", and becoming a were-wolf, set to work to harry the village youth. However, if it succeeded in finding a body whose soul was absent, such as that of a sleeping person, the soul of the suicide was free to move in in its place. Thus arose the practice of closing windows at night to keep out alien spirits who might take possession and drive one's body to horrible deeds—and ultimately to an early grave.

Unfortunately, the Church at this time, having a one-track mind, could only produce one official spirit to recommend to its flock. This, the father of them all, was the Devil. "Old Nick" existed then in the same form as he does today, but possessed the further rather dubious power of being able to change his shape at will. Almost affectionately attached to this belief, the monks accused him of wandering

about the country in various voluptuous guises, luring well-fed abbots into the ways of the flesh, and generally disrupting the monastic system. His lesser cohorts, the demons, played the same tricks, but spent far more of their time jumping up people's nostrils and possessing them, thereby affording great amusement to the contemporary medical practitioners, who believed that the sole method of riddance was to lay open the offending member with an axe.

In spite of these official distractions, the will of the people could not be quashed. Up they came again with another home-made spirit. This proved to be the vampire, the soul of a woman who had died in childbirth, and which whizzed about the country sucking blood from the throats of sleepers. Not quite so tame is the present day version of the Malay vampire, a severed head with entrails attached which flies through the air emitting loud shrieks.

Next, and one step higher in the aristocracy of the underworld, came the succubae and incubi, formless spirits of the upper air, who visited mortals at night or in lonely places, and whose offspring became witches and wizards.

Nothing, however, could keep the Church down. Up they popped again, and cleverly turning the witches to their own use, proclaimed them the servants of the anti-Christ, the destroyer. It was the duty of everyone, aided by such pious bodies as the Inquisition, to rout out these gentry and to carefully burn them, thus preventing such horrible blasphemies as the Black Mass which obviously endangered the lives of all good citizens. The anti-Christ himself was to be known by a Number, a rather vague form of identity which could be stretched to include nearly anyone.

However, upon Cromwell's dissolution of the monasteries, the influence of the Church was broken, and the witches were left in comparative peace. Immediately the imaginations of the country-folk produced a wave of ghostly monks, which wandered through the halls of the now privately-owned abbeys, and attached themselves faithfully to the occupants. For generations since, the Grey Monks, Blue Monks, Red Monks and Black Monks, made so famous in Victorian literature, have kept England happy by moving furniture, walking battlements, shrieking at midnight, and doing other childish things which only a ghost-loving race could understand. Herne, the Spectre Huntsman of Windsor Park and the crowds of nobles which gibber and moan in the dungeons of the Tower of London are in reality public figures, figures which exist solely for the enjoyment of the lower classes.

In Ireland, the trend seems to be toward benevolent ghosts. Even the souls of women who die in childbirth become not vampires but banshees, exclusive creatures which wail about the garden and pull the bed-sheets off honest farmers. In Roman times, only such spirits who had not been properly buried would dare to make such a nuisance of themselves. Shut out of Hades, and cold and hungry, they would often return home to raid the larder. This may account for the magnificent funerals of those days, the head of the family preferring the cost of burial to the insomnia brought on by the yelpings of his departed relatives.

So, though we may spend many happy hours of shivering ecstasy over tales of goblins, demons and clattering skeletons, may we be spared the discomfort of actual contact with them, and, in the words of the old Cornish prayer,

*From ghosties and ghoulies,
And long-leggity beasties,
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord deliver us.*

Amen.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

By J. A. Smart

THE story I am about to relate concerns my escape from internment in Germany shortly after the outbreak of the war, and especially a reminiscence of what was perhaps the most trying of my experiences, that long wait in a railway station at the city of Frankfort.

I had gone to Germany to visit some German friends of mine at Frankfort, and had been there for over a fortnight when, on the morning of the third of September, I heard the news that owing to Germany's aggression in Poland, Great Britain and France, in obligation to the pact for assistance to Poland if attacked, which they had signed a short time before, were now declaring war on Germany.

There I was, a Britisher in Frankfort in my enemy's country, and my enemy's house. Immediately on hearing the news I realized my plight, and pictures of the horrible concentration camps that I had heard so much about flashed through my mind, and I could picture myself hanging by the heels from a limb of a tree or being kicked and beaten about by wicked jailers. Right there and then I decided that I was at least going to attempt an escape from the country, and informed my hosts to that effect.

They were kindly people, who secretly hated the Nazi régime, but, like so many, were forced to bear uncomplainingly the cruel yoke that Hitler had placed upon them. They were sympathetic to my plan and offered assistance in any way they could.

It was plain that I must leave in a very short time, for it would go hard with my host if the Gestapo should find them harbouring an enemy. So we decided on a plan. I would travel to the Luxembourg border as a German doctor, in which disguise I would attract the least suspicion, and once at the border I would change my disguise to that of a Belgian returning home to escape the war. My friend, being a somewhat ingenious fellow and also being influential, managed to get hold of copies of the necessary passports and papers, and on them forged signatures and copied seals, so that when he was through, there was very little difference between the real thing and my documents.

I learned that a train left for Aachen near the Belgian-Luxembourg border at eight o'clock that evening, and so I decided that I would take it.

All that day I lay low and never stepped out of the house, fearing, whenever I heard the door bell ring, that it was the Gestapo. At last, at about half-past six I could restrain myself no longer, so bidding my kindly hosts good bye, slipped quietly out the back door of the house into an alley.

Once clear of the house, and after having assured myself that I was not being followed, I headed for the station there to await my train.

I now know what a fugitive from the law feels like, for it seemed to me that everyone I passed on the street looked at me suspiciously, making my heart pound like a trip hammer and the blood rush to my face. This was especially true when I had to pass a "Storm Trooper" or anyone in uniform. I could almost feel the cold steel of their daggers plough into my back, and to look at these men I did not imagine it would trouble their consciences much to do it, being a mere routine job.

The Frankfort station was an orthodox construction, as stations go, somewhat smudged with smoke and grime from the countless trains that, over a period of years, had passed through it. Across the road from it was one of Frankfort's largest hotels, on the top of which was a tall flagpole, and floating from it in the evening breeze was that emblem of brutal aggression on helpless people, the Nazi swastika, which forcibly reminded me that I was a fugitive bayed about by enemies.

As I approached the entrance of the station, I saw a sight which made my heart pound in my ears and my knees quiver unsteadily like a baby learning to walk, for at the doorway stood uniformed guards and a few others in plain clothes that looked to me like Nazi agents. However, bracing myself, I boldly headed straight toward them, looking as important as I could. When I got abreast of the guards, one of them stopped me and asked if I would identify myself. I replied in German, for luckily I was quite a German scholar in my younger days and had studied the language at a Berlin academy, that I could, and immediately produced my forged papers. He took them and ponderously scanned them, glancing up at me occasionally with that steely Prussian look, which made me somewhat uneasy, to see if I answered to the description on my passport. I was conscious of suspicious eyes staring at me from the other men nearby and was sure that they took me for a foreigner or a Jew. At last he finished; handed me back my documents and shot his right hand up in a Nazi salute, saying:

"Pass, Herr Doktor, Heil Hitler!"

I snatched them back in the approved aggressive German manner and shot my right hand up in the Nazi salute with the customary, "Heil Hitler."

Once inside, I strode over to the ticket office with a somewhat self-conscious gait and asked for a compartment ticket to Aachen, then I went over to the newsstand and bought a paper to read until train time.

After finding a suitable seat, I sat down and began my paper which was crammed with war news and praises of Hitler. I turned the front page and was profoundly shocked to see in one of the columns a piece which read:—"All stations being closely guarded to stop aliens from escaping."

That was enough. I put my paper down and in my trembling fingers lighted a cigarette and took stock of my surroundings. There were a few civilians and more uniformed soldiers, some arriving off trains that had just pulled in, and others waiting for one. I noticed one man in particular sitting across from me. He seemed in a worse state of nerves than I and glanced furtively around him as if fearing something. Then I knew why, for in an instant two husky men came up to him, jerked him protestingly to his feet and clamped handcuffs on him and dragged him roughly out through a door. He was a man like myself, escaping the country.

The clock was now approaching seven, a train was leaving and the station officer called out:

"All aboard for Berlin," in that guttural German accent.

Soldiers flocked through the gate, probably on their way to a Berlin training camp.

After this my fears were further increased by a strange man that came into the station. He seemed to be looking for somebody; he came towards me cautiously, then as if a bit startled went over to the other side of the station and sat down, casting suspicious glances at me over large horn-rimmed glasses.

This is the end, I thought to myself, if that is not a member of the Gestapo, I'll eat my hat. I decided to carry on my bluff as long as possible, until he finally nabbed me.

Eight o'clock arrived; I gathered my luggage and prepared to catch the train if God would permit. I could hear a rumble down the tracks and see the glare of a headlight approaching.

This is my train at last, I thought, but to my surprise it was not for as it roared through the station I saw written on the side of its cars, Krupp Works, Essen. It was a munition train from Essen.

Cold fear gripped my heart. Suppose my train was cancelled? Where would I go? I could not return to my friends.

I returned to my seat, beaten and dejected, but only for a few minutes, for about fifteen minutes later my train rolled into the station. It had been sidetracked to let the munitions train through.

As soon as it had stopped I went to my reserved compartment, only to be followed by that man who had looked at me so suspiciously and to my extreme consternation he followed me right into my compartment. It was all up for me now. This man was undoubtedly here to take me prisoner and had been waiting around to make sure.

"O.K., you win, you damned sneak," I replied in English.

He stood there for a moment agape and said also in English in an astonished voice:

"Good heavens, man! You an Englishman?"

It turned out that he, too, was English, escaping from the country, and the reason I suspected him so much was because he, too, thought I was a member of the Gestapo and also wondered why I was following him.

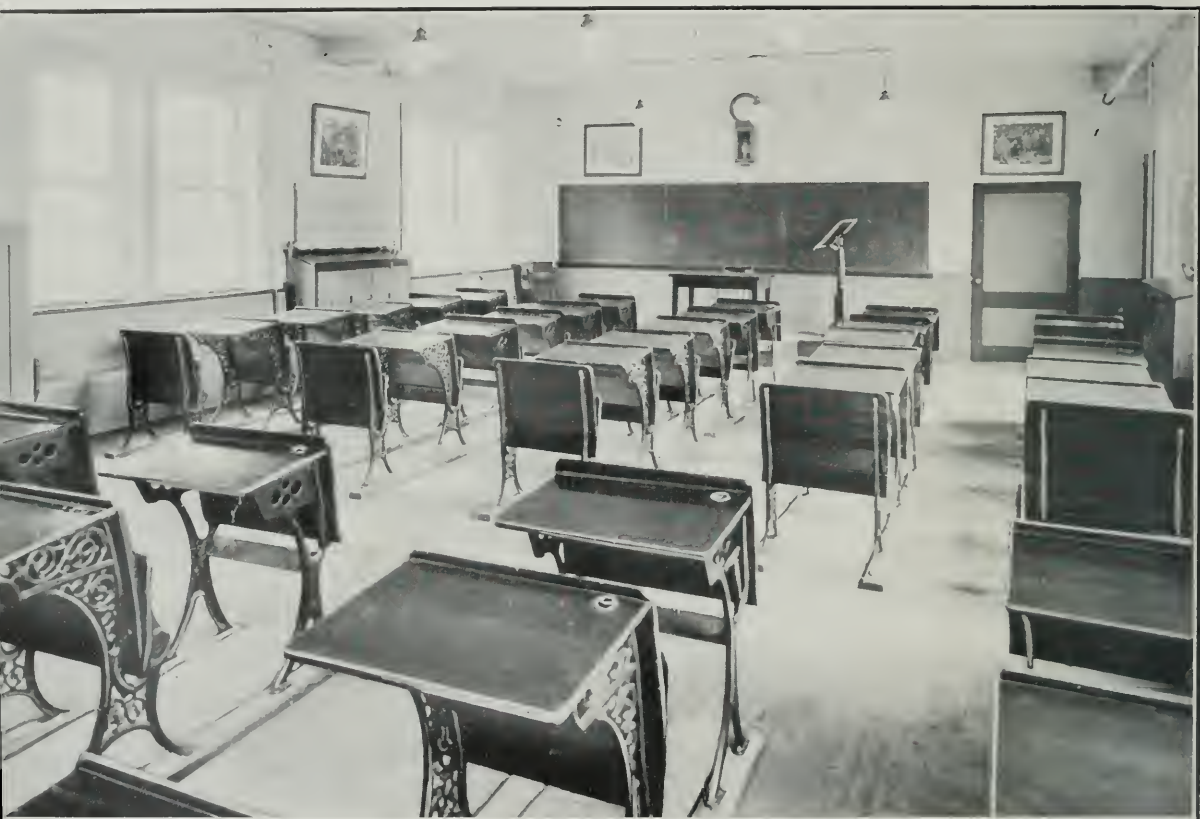
We both stuck together for the remainder of the trip to Aachen and after a few mighty ticklish moments managed to cross the border into Luxembourg and the sanctuary that it held out to us.

WHITE TRILLIUM

*As I watched the trillium grow, from lonely seed
To long straight stem, I thought that here at last
I found what typifies the best, our need
Today—our need as ne'er before. The past
Saw victory, glory, honour, wealth and love.
But all these faded in their turn, are gone—
Perhaps forever. Yet still the trillium moves
The heart, consoles the mind for hopes o'erthrown.
She stands the light of peace and happiness,
The light to guide when all seems lost
And man fights man, dreams not of loveliness
But murder and death and all that is worst
In life. The trillium's beauty, gentle, untainted
Is life itself, God-created.*

—E. D. WILGRESS.

Entry No. 1, for the prize offered by the Horticultural Society of Ontario for the best schoolboy poem on the Province's floral emblem, the trillium.



ASSEMBLY HALL

PRODUCING A PLAY IN A SCHOOL

By G. W. Green

WHEN I was very young, I never dreamed that some day I would become the most successful producer in the Village of Rockcliffe Park. My one ambition was to be an actor and my entire life centred on the stage.

When, finally, I received my first real part, I experienced the thrill of my life. I took a keen interest in everything and from the back row of the gnomes' chorus, enjoyed a completely detached view of the whole play. Perhaps it was this detached view which accounted for the agonized expression on the producer's face. At any rate, she was nearer a physical breakdown on that day than any other woman of her muscular development whom I have ever seen.

In spite of this, it was not until she discovered two of us playing "noughts and crosses" behind a toadstool, that I fully made up my mind to become a producer. Banished in disgrace, I appropriated the position of "producer of off-stage noises" and spent a gleeful afternoon, striking off the hours on a triangle, and propping up the fairy forest.

It was not long before I realized that I had at last found my place. The joys of singing "Hark to the Rushing Wind" in a pair of brown pants could scarcely compare with those of shifting scenery. No longer was the audience a mere blur beyond the row of dazzling lights, but a comparatively lively crowd at whom I could peer through a crack, and upon whose general appearance and probable mental capabilities I could submit remarks.

So thrilled were I and my two companions in crime that a greater variety of off-stage noises were produced during that season than had ever been heard before. A few belonged to the play and could be distinguished by the lack of timing. The others were not, and became far more frequent and interesting. On one occasion, the chorus fell down the back stairs. The top man swore that he had been pushed. He lied. It was an accident, and we didn't need them, anyway—the same effect could be produced with a chair.

Our next effort was the dropping of a triangle in the act of striking midnight, which clattered down to the basement, with a horde of "extras" in noisy pursuit.

However, an outburst of crime among the cast made us immune to the anger of the authorities. As long as we were reasonably quiet and efficient, it was a case of "life and let live." There were, of course, lapses. I never saw a sloppier hero. He could trip over anything, real or imaginary, and nine times out of ten, pull the fairy forest down on top of him. We had our revenge by forgetting to thunder when he "harked" to it, which made him look silly, leaving us quietly amused.

Thus passed away my histrionic career. I have tried to tell you something of the drama, the tragedy, and the gaiety of the stage, and I can only hope, that if you have the same fierce ambition that I had, that you may travel an easier path and may find your way to success as glorious as mine.

TRILLIUM GRANDIFLORUM

*Down through the speckled glades of maple forests
An angel lives in leafy solitude,
Crowned by the sparkling dew, and lulled to rest
Safe from the fury of the tempest rude.*

*Sturdy and self-reliant, a trace
Of wistfulness yet lingers in its heart,
And petals flung in three-fold supplication
Command the gaze of those who feel its art.*

*It nods among the breezes, breathless white,
Lovelier far than others still more famed,
Trillium Grandiflorum, modest beauty,
The emblem of the pure and unashamed.*

—G. W. GREEN.

Entry No. 2, for the prize offered by the Horticultural Society of Ontario for the best schoolboy poem on the Province's floral emblem, the trillium.

ON THE DEATH OF YOUTH IN BATTLE

*In no little daughter's laughing eyes
Is his smile reborn.
Ne'er a son to carry on his name;
Youth for whom we mourn.*

*Yet children hath he more than any man,
The nation's little ones, safely at play,
Are his.*

*Their heritage he bought with his dear life,
They too shall fight the wrongs he did defy,
His sacrifice hath cut a pattern for their lives;
He lives: he cannot die.*

—A. B. R. LAWRENCE.

From the *Ottawa Citizen*, June, 1940.

DUNKIRK

By G. D. Hughson

TO those who have of late insinuated the downfall of England, and the end of the English type of civilization, a fitting answer has been given. Never has the character of England and Englishmen been so strikingly portrayed as in the past two months. When Germany launched her big thrust through the Lowlands on May the tenth, there began the most titanic battle and series of battles that the world has ever known. Thousands of tanks and planes and hundreds of thousands of men were thrown into conflict and it was, in the end, only the collapse of the Belgian flank that resulted in the withdrawal of the British and French forces from Flanders.

Of the efficiency of the withdrawal of troops through the bottleneck of Dunkirk, no man can possibly utter praise enough. The effective cooperation of the Royal and Merchant Navies and the cool courage of the soldiers who were constantly under fire both from the air and land artillery, gives England cause for just pride in her sons, and gives the lie to any who have proclaimed her decadent and weak.

Words can hardly give sufficient praise to the fighter pilots of the R.A.F. who, constantly outnumbered in the numerous battles over Dunkirk, accounted for three times as many Germany planes as they themselves lost. Should the Huns expose themselves to many such beatings in the air, their vaunted air force will certainly be reduced considerably in size.

As this issue of the Ashburian goes to press, the Battle of Britain seems imminent. The Battle of France is over and continental France has surrendered to the Germans. Italy entered the war, just twelve days before France's capitulation, and is already acting as though she alone were responsible for the defeat of her sister nation.

But, in spite of any momentary reverses which we might have received, the entire British Empire remains calm, quietly confident in the courage and initiative of her sons and the quality of her Empire resources, and sure that, if Right must in the end prevail, the ultimate victory will rest with her.

THE NIGHTMARE

By G. W. Green

I LAY down, for I was wearied, and, lo, I slept. And I seemed to be at the bottom of the sea, in a land where spirits dwelt, and all the ocean was but a lofty vault, with halls and arches of coral. Yet was it cold and green and the water shimmered with ghostly light, so that I was afraid and my heart was chilled. For the sailor-men swam from their caves, from the great galleons which rotted on the sand, they who had died with their ships and gone to a haven beneath the waves. And the dead swayed before me, grinning, nodding, and their lips curled back to laugh, but no sound came. All was silence. I stood alone with spirits and the darkness, and the stillness stifled me until the ocean disappeared, and a great dark cloud came down and covered me, and I knew not where I was.

Then, through the blackness, I saw giant trees above me, and a narrow path stretched before me and the moon was full and glimmered through the branches of the trees, and the path was silver in its light.

I strode forward, and the darkness and the forest closed about me, and the ferns brushed my legs as I passed. Narrower grew the path and smaller, until at last it stopped, and I stood alone among the gloomy trees—for the moon was gone.

But then I saw that far off in the woods a fire flickered, and I was aware that men were singing, in a low heavy chant, and saw the flames dancing on the leaves and on naked bodies, gleaming with sweat. High into the air they danced, writhing with joy and agony, and the chant grew louder and the flames flared higher, until even the tops of the pines were red with their light.

Then was I afraid, and would have fled, for I felt an evil in the bushes, but my knees were like water, and the path was rough and treacherous, and I could run but slowly and clumsily. For there was a noise behind me and I knew that They were following. Faster I ran and closer sounded their pursuit, until I knew that I was trapped, and fell with a scream.

Then I awoke, to find the moon shining on my bed—and I rejoiced, for I was home.

THE CORNER STORE

By A. B. R. Lawrence

I REMEMBER how hard it was on my father to sell our old carriage horse, although I can recall little of the special talents of the roan mare which seemed to have remained in the old man's mind even until his death. I was born too late in time to remember the Sunday afternoon singing and games that were a delight to my mother's heart. I have grown up in an era of progress, being born a little before the 1st World War. My whole life has been centred on the new, things materially new, and I would not understand the sentimental reminiscences of my parents about things past. I grew up feeling that the new was always great, and that things past are well past.

However, I too seem to be passing the watershed of life. I too have begun to turn my eyes from the future and to look at the past years of my life. In youth our eyes cannot see behind us, but in middle age our eyes look back and watch, with quiet terror, as the flood of the future washes away the props of the past.

The corner store is one of these props. It has a clear and strong position in all affairs of my youth. It was to "Jerry's" that I used to go get a bottle of milk or a loaf of bread for my mother. Jerry was short, cheery and above all things he used to give me candies at each of my errands. I remember that I used to "charge" these candies. I found it miraculous that by simply saying "charge it" I never had to pay. It was not until years later that I realized that Jerry was really giving them to me free.

When I was a little older the word "Jerry's" meant an ice-cream cone for the empty bottles I brought back, and funny papers every Thursday. Indeed "Jerry's," and the little things the word stood for—candy, errands, groceries, became a part of my life, much like going to bed was. I never noticed Jerry or the little corner store which gave him a meagre livelihood. He and it were always there, the same, day after day, and year after year.

As I grew older I never noticed that any change had taken place, that Jerry was a little more hunched, or that he pushed his spectacles ever nearer to the scales to read the weight. Jerry, I suppose, watched me grow into a man and missed my after-school visits when I was at University, but still, Jerry was always the same when I came home, and remained, "a part of all that I had met."

However, today, Jerry is gone, and for the first time in my life I miss the corner store. Jerry sold out two years ago to the chain store beside him that was killing his trade, despite the help of the old customers. The chain store is now the corner store, but not in the same way. People pick the food off the walls and pay for it at the stalls. Everything is in cellophane wrappers. There is no Jerry to tie up packages in that flourish he used, which ended with a sharp pop as he broke the string and handed you the purchase.

So I sit amid my recollections, but when I tell my sons of Jerry's, and the place it had in my life, they do not understand me, they can only understand the future.

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D. Matthews

EDITORIAL

SO England is once more the fortress. Europe's last bastion. The capitulation of France has saddened us all, and the German armistice must be read by young and old alike with equal misgivings. As that great statesman, President Roosevelt, remarked recently, it "brings recollections". We have seen the fall of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and now France. "The Englishman's home is his castle". The drawbridge is up, the moat is full. His castle is in good hands.

We have witnessed in the past bad times. We were invaded earlier in our history, and we may, in small numbers, be invaded again. But the parachutist who drops in an English lane in Devon, on a pike in Cumberland, in a valley in Wales, in the highlands of Scotland, will not be treated as a welcome visitor. His reception will be warm, and as the original invader is conspicuous by his absence, so the future invader will not leave any lasting imprint on our soil. The Allies—the English—will suffer. We shall have personal losses, our relations, our friends. But the end is a foregone conclusion. We have wealth, material and physical resources, and we have the one thing that Germany has not got—Right on our side.

At the Jubilee of his late Majesty King George V, what an American would call "the centre of activity" was St. Paul's Cathedral. One distinguished American, English born, a Nobel prizewinner, Frederick T. Birchall, for many years Managing Editor of the *New York Times*, followed with close attention the European scene. In 1935 he visited Germany. He did not like "the gathering gloom". In 1935 he revisited England. He liked what he saw. He saw "a garden in the sunshine. The orchards were in bloom, bluebells carpeted the woods, the hawthorn filled the land with its perfumed breath, and beneath the hedges the yellow primroses glowed." All England put on her best attire for the Jubilee. And at the actual service in St. Paul's, which Mr. Birchall witnessed, the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked, "The King has brought the Throne into the hearts of his people." Today, more than ever, the Throne is in the hearts of the people, and when the struggle is over, and all the people rush down the Mall to the Palace to acclaim their King, there will be, too, an unseen band to cheer him, thousands throughout the Empire who, while not actually present at the gates, will lift their voices no less proudly, no less triumphantly, and sing

"God Save the King".

JUNIOR SCHOOL NOTES

By D. Mathews

OUR Junior School, since the Magazine's last issue, has done a great deal. We have several new members. Tyrrel Beck stayed with us only two or three weeks, but Roome and Whitworth have remained. They are in IIIB. Eardley-Wilmot has been promoted to form IV. Preston has moved to Vancouver.

Mr. Wood and Mr. Johnson arranged a visit to the International Pulp and Paper Mill. This interesting visit was marred only by the persistent smell of sulphur dioxide.

Our Sports are coming along very well, many of us showing much interest in cricket.

The Junior Cadets made a splendid contribution on Inspection Day. Besides a gymnastic display, we did some drill with stretchers.

The Form III Tribune is still functioning, though with slight changes in the staff due to Preston's absence.

All in all we think it has been the best year at school any of us have ever had.

ART

By Mrs. E. B. Hunter

THE boys of the Junior School, despite a late start (it being well on in October before we really got under way) produced a creditable amount of work during the past school year. As very little "nature" material was available at that time we turned to design as a medium of self-expression. The boys prepared their own stencils, the first being very simple and elementary in character. Then more difficult patterns were attempted with some good results. Design deserves a place of importance as it serves two purposes, by providing an avenue for creative development, and by its application in countless ways in everyday life.

When the boys returned from their Christmas holidays we decided to do some block printing. For this, we first used the potato and then linoleum. Here we worked for simplicity and breadth rather than for fine detail. It is a recognized fact that lino work aids in developing the free, steady line so desirable in any form of art, and as it has definite appeal for boys we intend to continue our work along this line next year. During this term we painted a few snow scenes, aiming at awakening an appreciation of light and shadows in preparation for illustration.

Last term, soap sculpture was the subject of several lessons. The boys were most interested in this and worked enthusiastically to carve animals for a circus parade, in addition to their first work which was done in bas-relief. Our last art periods were devoted to illustration. Here we linked art with social study, choosing as our theme, "Pages from Canada's Story". Each boy selected, drew and painted his own special part. These parts were shown as a whole at the School Closing. On the whole, the sense of proportion in these paintings was fairly good and the pupils showed that they had grasped something of our aim in previous water colour lessons. In addition, seasonal cards and calendars were designed and painted.

On the whole, it has been a year of experimentation along many lines rather than a pursuance of any one particular phase of art. The aims have been to give to each boy a means of expressing his own individuality and to awaken and sustain an interest in this very important part of his education. That these aims were at least partially realized was demonstrated when either section missed an art period through examinations, holidays, or for any other reason; then the boys invariably requested that the period be made up with time taken from some other subject.

GAMES

HOCKEY

UNDER 15—ASHBURY versus SELWYN HOUSE. AWAY. LOST: 4 - 2.

In Intermediate hockey Selwyn House defeated Ashbury by a score of 4 - 2 in a keenly contested match at Montreal.

While they started off well Ashbury eventually found Selwyn House to be the stronger and more experienced team. Bourget scored both Ashbury goals.

The Ashbury lineup was as follows:

Goal: McKinley; Defence: Spafford II, Leonowens; Forwards: Croil, Bourget, Lawrence II, Subs: Lee, Winter, Brown and McLaren.

UNDER 15—ASHBURY versus SELWYN HOUSE. HOME. TIED: 2 - 2.

Ashbury and Selwyn House played to a 2 - 2 tie at the Auditorium in Ottawa.

Ashbury, better trained from its last encounter, played well with Bourget scoring the two goals.

The Ashbury lineup was as follows:

Goal: Hughson II; Defence: Heath, Leonowens; Forwards: Croil, Bourget, Lawrence; Subs: Lee, Spafford, Winter, Brown.

JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RACE

THE Junior Cross Country course was the usual one around MacKay Lake. The entry list was the largest we have had for many years, and everybody made good time.

The only person to hurt himself was Leonowens, who, while marking the course fell from his bicycle and broke his leg.

The results of the race are given below.

JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RACE

	House	Time	
1. Turner	C	12 min. 47 secs.	
2. Pilgrim	W	13 min. 5 secs.	
3. Gould	C	14 min. 1 sec.	House Scoring
4. Thomson	W	14 min. 55 secs.	5 points for 1st
5. Nesbitt	W	14 min. 59 secs.	3 points for 2nd
6. Caldwell	C	15 min. 30 secs.	2 points for 3rd
7. Hooper I	W	15 min. 41 secs.	1 point within 5 min. of winner.
8. MacMillan	C	15 min. 42 secs.	
9. Crabb	W	16 min. 5 secs.	
10. Woods	W	18 min. 50 secs.	

C.: Connaught	9	} Assessment of House points for Junior Race.
W.: Woolcombe	7	

JUNIOR SKIING

By Dr. Hannes Kohr

THE British Navy was started in the time of Alfred the Great, in the ninth Lake, taking place in the second week of May under ideal snow conditions.

On two previous occasions the boys had been taken out for practice runs; they had been shown how to avoid unnecessary strain by gliding forward in long strides, by using the ski poles steadily and, above all, by breathing freely and rhythmically.

Thomson won the race in good style, followed closely by Montgomery and Pilgrim. Whitworth set a fine example of comradeship by picking up a ski pole which Turner had lost on the track.

THE BRITISH NAVY

By W. A. Nelles

THE British Navy was started in the time of Alfred the Great, in the tenth century, when the Danes attacked England. Nothing further was done to it until Henry VIII came to the throne in 1509. At this time England possessed only one warship. Henry, however, soon corrected this fault by adding another, and during the next year a third warship was captured from Scotland. The largest ship that England possessed up to that time had been lost in a campaign against France, but a larger one was built. This warship had 74 guns which was considered a large number in that day, and it was called the "Henry Grace de Dieu." After this, the next great event was the destruction of the Spanish Armada with a loss of only a few British ships. In memory of this, Queen Elizabeth struck a special medal. From this fleet has grown the present British Navy of about 150 ships, and we may now say indeed that Britannia does "Rule the Waves."



W. A. Nelles

A VISIT TO A PRINTING FIRM

By J. Turner

ON Thursday, Jan. 18th, Mr. Porritt, Angus Wilson, Hughson II, Spafford I, Green I and myself went to visit the Dadson-Merrill Press, where the Ashburian was to be printed.

We arrived at half-past two, and were greeted by the president of the Press, who took us into the pressroom on the main floor. As the magazine was not yet ready, we were shown a machine that put the paper into a pile after the red ink had been put on. He then showed us upstairs to the second floor. Here we saw a linotype. A man sat there, typing what he wanted and the letters were put into a kind of groove with stands underneath them. When the groove was filled up, a lever was pulled, pushing the letters in the mould. A long handle then took hold of them and placed them on a ledge where they were pushed under a cover, and fell back into place, ready to be used again. The man who was working the linotype made two prints with my name on them.

We then went over to another machine where I was given a paper that had just been printed that moment. I also received some air mail stickers.

Then the president took us down to the main floor again and down to a room in the basement. This was the engraving room where they set and develop pictures. The man who showed us the way pictures were made, demonstrated with a picture of the Ashbury Football Team. First he set it on a white screen in front of two lamps. He then got a piece of glass with some chemical on it which had horizontal and vertical lines, forming little squares. If you look closely at a magazine you will see these little squares. He set this on a screen behind the two lamps in an odd camera. After he had focused the camera on the football picture, he turned on the two generator-carbonite lamps, which were even brighter than magnesium, although that might have been what they were burning.

We did not have time to see them develop the picture in a sulphur bath, and stamp it on the print to get it in the book, but we did see the main part.

Before we left, I noticed a man cutting around some engraved pictures. After he had finished he was going to put ink on, but I did not see this because we had to get back to the school.

Before we went, Mr. Porritt decided to have a blue cover for the Ashburian instead of a white one, since, during the war, that kind of white paper is too expensive. We left at three forty-five and got back to school at four o'clock.

‘WHERE THE COLLEGE IS SITUATED

By J. Nesbitt

ASHBURY College is situated on ten and a half acres of land in Rockcliffe Park. It can be reached from Ottawa by street cars which run along the back of the college grounds.

The grounds are well laid out. There are several tennis courts and the cricket grounds are considered to be the finest in Canada. During the winter, a Junior and a Senior rink are played on by all students.

The college building faces Mariposa Avenue in the front and is built of brick. The Chapel is at the north-east end of the building.

There is a circular drive around the front. This drive passes the Headmaster's house through lawns kept in perfect condition.

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5. The new residence for women students, known as St. Hilda's, was opened in September, 1938.
6. The scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

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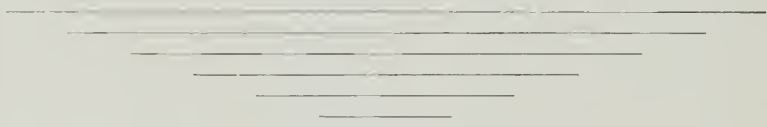
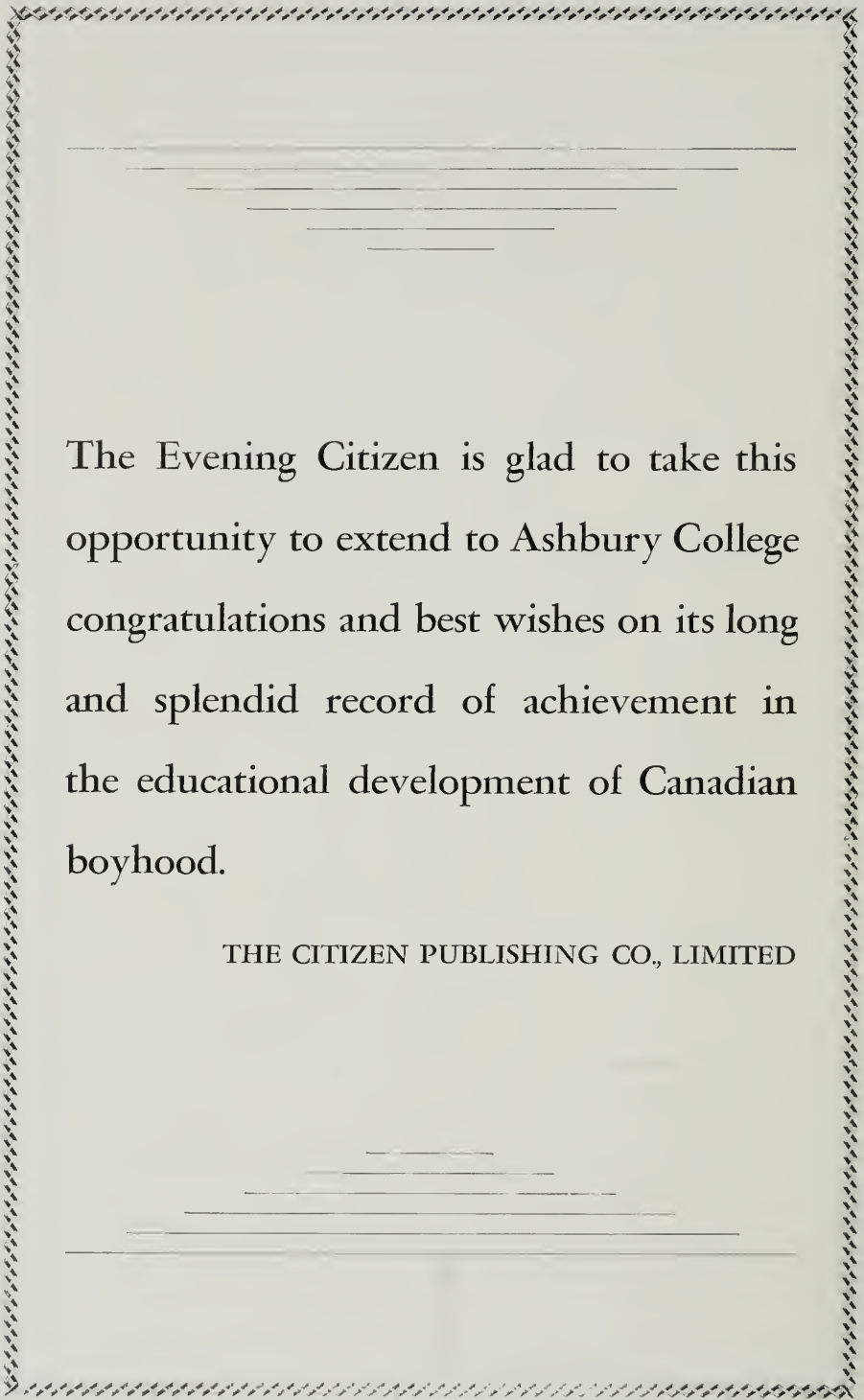
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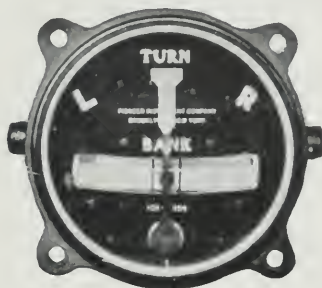


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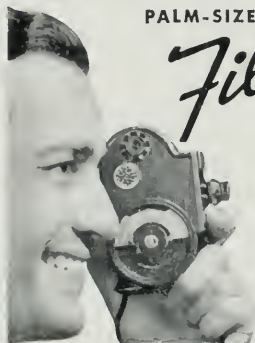
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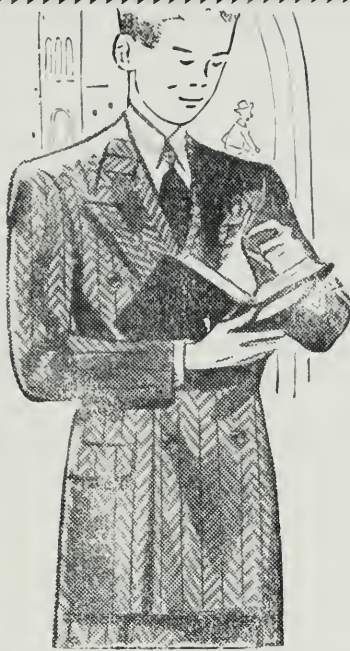
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